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Edited by Sir John Hammerton

WEEKLY

RED ARMY TANKS, somewhere on the vast front which runs across Europe from the White Sea to the Black Sea. The skill and patriotic fervour of the Soviet armies now locked in a life or death struggle with the evil colossus of Hitlerism have astonished the world. In the obscurities and confusion of the conflict one fact emerges clearly: Hitler had underestimated the military efficiency and national consciousness of the totalitarian Slav. Nevertheless, it was his criminal destiny to strike east. *Photo, P.N.A.*

Our Searchlight on the War

New Limbs for Old

THE vast experience gained by surgeons in the Great War of 1914-18 is proving very valuable today in dealing with men and women who have lost a limb through enemy action. It is a far cry from the old bucket and peg to the modern artificial leg or arm made of very light metal and equipped with control cords, springs and levers by means of which natural movements are possible. At Queen Mary's Hospital, Roehampton, a crippled patient is fitted with a temporary leg as soon as he is able to leave his bed, the aim being to restore the muscles of the stump and hasten its consolidation. When this end has been achieved the permanent limb is fitted. This is carefully made to match the sound limb, and the patient, who by this time has gained considerable confidence, is able, after a little practice, to walk without a limp, to ride a bicycle, drive a car, and to engage in many active occupations. Most important of all to sensitive minds, he is able to avoid or banish any galling sense of inferiority or humiliation resulting from his disability, for the fact that he has an artificial limb is perceptible only to the sympathetic eye of an expert.

LEARNING TO WALK with the aid of an artificial limb, a patient of Queen Mary's Hospital, Roehampton, for limbless victims of the War, takes his first steps. *Photo, Topical Press*

Norway in Scotland

HARD by an old grey Scottish town, surrounded by meadows and rolling hills, the Free Norwegian Army is in rigorous training against the day when its men will fight their way home. They arrived a year ago, stripped, angry refugees, and were welcomed by the Provost and the townspeople. About half the Force fought in the Norwegian campaign. Some of the others are men from whalers diverted to British ports when Hitler invaded Norway. All are now brown, fit and hard, appreciative of the constant kindness of the land that received them, learning to speak English, some courting Scottish brides. From one of the camps volunteers who took part in the Lofoten raid were selected, and to it came those who escaped to freedom with the returning boats. Major-General Carl G. Fleischer, Acting C.-in-C. of the Norwegian Army—for General Ruge has been a prisoner of war in Germany since June 1940—may well be proud of the men under his command, growing daily in numbers and in military efficiency.

New Head of the A.T.S.

DAME HELEN GWYNNE-VAUGHAN, G.B.E., Director of the Auxiliary Territorial Service, has retired under the new age-limit rule. Her rank was that of Chief Controller, equivalent to that of a major-general. The choice of a successor has fallen upon Controller Jean Knox, who joined the Service in pre-war days and since March has held a special appointment as inspector, touring the country to investigate the personal side of A.T.S. life. Mrs. Knox, whose husband is a squadron-leader in the R.A.F., is 33.

Secret Anti-Nazi Radio

FROM a new and mysterious broadcasting station in Germany there have been recently transmitted violent, coarsely worded attacks on leaders of the Nazi Party. According to messages reaching London from a neutral source, the station, which is known as the Hess Station, represents the opposition alleged to exist within the Party itself, and which was associated with the name of Rudolf Hess. Broadcasts are made hourly from 5.53 p.m. to 1.53 a.m.

Famine Comes to Greece

GENERAL TSOLAKOGLOU, the Quisling Prime Minister of Greece, is regarded with contempt and hatred not only because of his treachery in signing an armistice on his part of the front against the Government's wishes, but also because of his incompetence in easing the plight of the stricken population. Starvation has come quickly to Greece, for the Nazis have stripped the country. Bread supplies are uncertain and inadequate. People are living chiefly on vegetables—if they can afford them. There is a great scarcity of fish owing to loss of boats in the evacuation. The Germans have taken over control of the major businesses, and have also commandeered all military hospitals in Athens. Greek wounded are turned out into the streets to make way for wounded Germans, and unless cared for by compassionate citizens, they would be left to die.

Marine With Nine Lives

ONCE again Marine Maurice Reidy, an assistant in the machine-room of the Amalgamated Press, whose personal account of the sinking of the Courageous was given in Vol. I, pp. 115-116, has cheated the enemy. He is now in a Middle East hospital recovering from wounds received when fighting in a rearguard action in Crete. Taken prisoner, he managed to escape and join the last boatload to leave the island. Mr. Reidy, who is 43 years old, was torpedoed in the Great War, and was also a survivor of Zeebrugge.

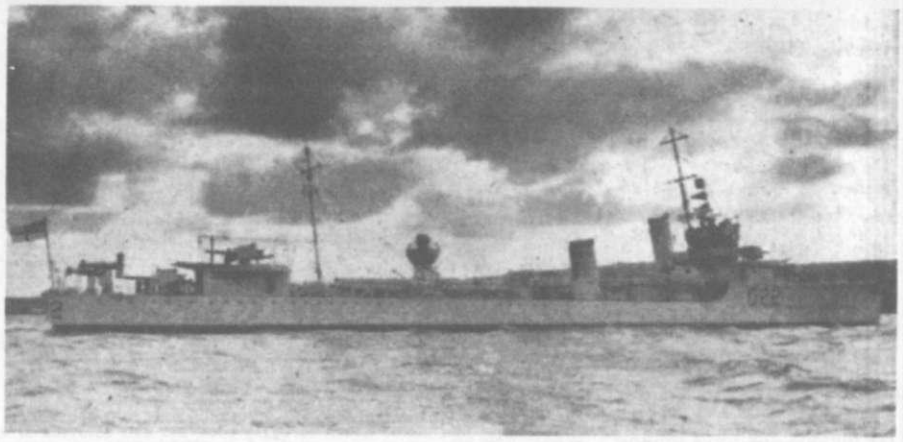
MRS. JEAN KNOX, the new Controller of the Auxiliary Territorial Service, who was appointed on July 8 in succession to Dame Helen Gwynne-Vaughan. *Photo, Fox*

Saving Parish Records

LOCAL historians of the future will owe a debt of gratitude to the Provisional Committee for Micro-filming Parish Registers, of which the late Lord Stamp was head. A double page of a register can be photographed on a film measuring 1 in. by 1½ in., and if necessary the negative can be enlarged to 8 ft. 6 in. by 6 ft. 6 in. Between three and four hundred pages can be done in one hour. The records of more than 1,000 parishes have already been dealt with, but the Committee is hoping to include 11,000. The cost works out at about £2 for a small country parish, and £50 for a large one such as Stepney, where 10,000 exposures were made. It was Thomas Cromwell who ordered the keeping of parish records; the earliest date from 1538.

Dud Bombs on Russia

MOSCOW Radio announced on July 10 that of six bombs recently dropped by a Junkers on a little Russian village, only two exploded. On examination the other four were found to contain sand, and inside one was also a note. Written in German, in a woman's hand, were the words: "We are helping as we can." The Russian wireless commentator described this woman munitions worker as heroic. "She is the real representative of the German people. She displayed human feeling and risked being caught in order to save the innocent."



H.M.S. WATERHEN, the first Australian warship to be lost by enemy action. She sank after a bombing attack in the Mediterranean, as announced by the Admiralty on July 5. The Waterhen, a destroyer of the "Tribal" type, dated from 1918, displaced 1,100 tons, and was armed with four 4-in. and five smaller guns. *Photo, P. A. Vicary*

The Way of the War

THE RUSSIAN PEOPLE ARE NOW OUR ALLIES

British Commonwealth and Soviet Union Together Against Hitlerism

STALIN smiled, Molotov smiled, Cripps smiled, as they watched the attendants affix the blue ribbons and blobs of red wax to the documents lying on the table—documents which had just been signed by Russia's Commissar for Foreign Affairs and Britain's Ambassador to Moscow. For they had been making history. Those documents declared in Russian and English that the Governments of Britain and the U.S.S.R. "mutually undertake to render each other assistance and support of all kinds in the present war against Hitlerite Germany," and "further undertake that during this war they will neither negotiate nor conclude an armistice or treaty of peace except by mutual agreement." Then chocolates were handed round and glasses of champagne, and Stalin, raising his glass, gave the toast of Anglo-Russian cooperation for victory.

SO, after a lapse of more than a quarter of a century, Britain and Russia were allies once more. For, of course, it was an alliance, although some nervous nitwits at the Foreign Office—whose idea of Bolshevists is probably derived from the cartoons of a generation ago which showed them as fellows who never washed, with greasy beards and smoking bombs poking out of their pockets—gave out that Russia was not really an ally but a co-belligerent, an associate. . . . For this reason, but not for this reason alone, they banned the playing in the B.B.C.'s Sunday evening anthem parade of the "Internationale," which the Russians have had the bad taste to choose as their national anthem . . . Mr. Churchill gave short shrift to such bureaucratic boggling and bungling. "It is, of course, an alliance," he told the House of Commons on July 15. "The Russian people are now our allies."

FROM 1914 to 1917 the Russia of the Tsars was the ally of Britain and France in the Great War against the empires of Germany and Austria. During those three years the Russian soldiers fought with surpassing valour, endured most terrible hardships, suffered incomparable losses. The total figure was never published because it was never known, but Hindenburg estimated the Russian losses at between five and eight millions. In those days Germany was, indeed, fighting a war on two fronts, and it should never be forgotten that while Von Kluck was driving on Paris, the Russians invaded East Prussia so that two German army corps had to be detached from the Western Front and sent to the east. Hindenburg crushed the Russians at Tannenberg, but Tannenberg saved Paris and enabled Joffre to win the Battle of the Marne. For years the awful sacrifice continued, until in 1917, when the horror and the uselessness of it all had penetrated into the consciousness of the meanest soldier, when the cream of the Russian forces had been wiped out, when those who were left could fight no longer with their fists and knives—then the front collapsed and the soldiers retreated on a rear foul with all the abominations of Tsarist misrule.

FOR a few months there was an attempt to maintain the war against Germany, since the provisional government of Kerensky and Kornilov felt themselves bound in honour to do all they could to help their allies, now bogged in the awful morasses of the western battlefields. The dawn of liberty in Russia was welcomed throughout the world by every man of liberal mind; but the vision of a free Russia faded and died in the murk of the November days of revolution. Kerensky and the liberal regime crashed into ruin, and Lenin and Trotsky reigned in their stead. They made peace with Germany at Brest-Litovsk, a peace which in its vindictiveness was worse even than that of Versailles. But there was no peace in Russia, and for years the world stood appalled at the spectacle of Whites and Reds tearing each other in the bloody slime of civil war. And not content with letting the Russians fight out their quarrels amongst themselves, the Allies—Britain and France, America and Japan—sent armies to Russia to support one or the other of the White chieftains.

For years the civil war continued; for years rape and rapine stalked the highways and murder and mutilation came hurrying after. 1918, 1919 and 1920 were years of incredible suffering; years, too, of incredible achievement. At length the Reds were successful everywhere. Followed Lenin's death, Trotsky's exile, Stalin's rise to supreme power. Then came the Five Year Plans, the collectivization of agriculture, the "liquidation" of the kulaks, the industrialization of areas which hitherto had hardly been trodden by human foot . . .

During most of those years Britain and Russia were miles apart, separated not as in the Tsarist days by imperialistic fears but by ideological differences. Russia seemed so strange, so altogether different, so novel and in many ways so brutal. Always there have been in this country many who have seen in Communism *the* enemy, although there have been many, too, who have seen in Russia much to admire, grounds for hope.

AND now we are allies. Are we in the first flush of our enthusiasm to bury the red beneath thick applications of whitewash? Rather we should aim at a truer synthesis, a more comprehensive vision. Let us remember that Russia means not only Stalin in the Kremlin but peasant Ivan in his humble hut—that she finds room for the missionaries of the godless cult and for Archbishop Sergius calling his people to pray for Holy Russia in the cathedral at Moscow. Let us have in mind not only the officers of the Ogpu driving their victims into impossible confessions, but the eager young Stakhanovites, the devoted girls teaching their letters to the nomads of the steppes, the city toilers who put up with every discomfort because they have seen a new heaven in a new earth, built here in Russia, where labour will be honoured, poverty abolished, together with unemployment, want and all the man-made ills of human flesh. Let us with proper humility admit that if we have much to teach Russia, Russia has much to teach us.

THE ANGLO-RUSSIAN ALLIANCE was formally concluded at Moscow on July 12, but a Russian Military Mission arrived in London a week earlier. This photograph shows Admiral Kharlamov of the Red Navy chatting with Mr. Maisky (left).
Photo, Fox

NOT so long ago the strain between Russia and Britain showed a tendency to diminish. There was even hope of a political alliance, until—alas for the happiness and lives of millions!—Litvinov's proposals for a combined front against the aggressors were rejected, and Russia and Germany signed a pact.

Now the wheel has turned full circle. Another pact has been signed. Hitler by his attack on Russia has presented us with an ally whose territory covers a sixth of the globe, whose people number 180 millions, one in twelve of the human race.

E. Royston Pike

Russia's Tank Corps Is the World's Largest

"The Germans sent 10,000 tanks against Russia," said Mr. Lozovsky, Soviet Vice-Commissar for Foreign Affairs, in a broadcast from Moscow on July 9, "hoping to repeat the experience of France. But they have encountered an opponent similarly armed." Russia's tank force, as will be seen from the chapter below, is indeed enormous. In preparing the chapter we have found Max Werner's "The Military Strength of the Powers" and "Battle for the World" (Gollancz) particularly useful.

How many tanks has Russia? We may ask the question, but it is a difficult one to answer. Certain it is that the figure is tremendous, greater—perhaps far greater—than that of any other military power.

As early as 1935 German sources put the strength of the Red Tank Corps at 10,000; by way of comparison we may mention that in the Battle of Cambrai in 1917—where British tanks achieved a break-through so startling and sudden that the High Command proved quite incapable of profiting by it, so that all the ground won was speedily lost—General Elles led some 350 tanks into battle. (But the Allies were hoping to have 30,000 tanks available for the great onslaught on Germany in 1919.) "As far as tanks are concerned," said General Loizeau, chief of the French Military Mission which attended the Kiev manoeuvres in 1935, "I think we shall have to put the Soviet Union in the first place. The Red Army has a whole arsenal of tanks of all sizes and types, beginning with speedy little whippets and ending with veritable armoured land cruisers." And General Guderian, who headed Hitler's tanks in their break-through on the Meuse in 1940, wrote that "the cavalry army of Budenny of 1920 has developed into the tank corps of Voroshilov in 1935," and went on to assert that "10,000 tanks, 150,000 military tractors and over 100,000 military motor vehicles of various kinds, put the Red Army at the head of Europe in the question of motorization. Great Britain and France had been left far behind."

Four years later, in September 1939, Marshal Voroshilov reported to the Supreme Soviet that the Russian tanks were 43 times the 1930 total. What that total was he did not mention, but it cannot have been less than 500 and more probably was 1,000. Thus, at the outbreak of war in 1939 Russia may well have had between 40 and 50 thousand tanks; and since they were then in mass production, the figure must have been increased since. Perhaps today Russia has 50,000 tanks.

Another witness to Soviet tank superiority is General Le Q. Martel, now commander of the Royal Armoured Corps, who in 1936 attended the Soviet manoeuvres in his capacity of Assistant Director of Mechanization at the War Office. In an address delivered in London on his return he recommended that the British Army should take the Red Army as its example in tank matters, and not the German.

"There are many officers," said General Martel, "who consider that the day of the tanks has already passed and that anti-tank weapons have now reached a stage where they will be able to deal with the tanks comparatively easily. If there are officers present here today who are of that mind, I would ask them to accompany me in spirit to the Russian manoeuvres which I had the great fortune to see last autumn. The total number of tanks employed on these manoeuvres was some 1,200 to 1,400 . . . These tank forces were most impressive, and the sight of these large numbers of tanks moving over the field of operations as opposed to a consideration of paper tank brigades with which we have so far had to be content, could hardly have failed to impress the most stubborn opponent of modernized warfare."

The Russians, he added, had made immense strides in the development of their tank army. Their conscript armies were drawn from raw peasants, yet in two years they turned them into a tank force that could drive and maintain their tanks in first-class condition.

All that we have learnt since about the Red Army supports General Martel's tribute to the efficiency of Russian training. In the Red Army, we are told, there are many tank drivers who have been 2,500 hours at the controls, tanks which have travelled nearly 4,000 miles, tanks which have travelled over 600 miles at a time without developing any mechanical defects, tanks which have travelled 300 miles through water. Tank drivers of the Red Army have been specially trained in driving through forests and swamps and the most difficult country. "Thanks to the simplest contrivances," says Voroshilov, "but thanks above all to the experience of their technicians and commanders, our tank drivers have succeeded in taking their machines through swamps without much difficulty although they were never made for that. They have crossed rivers, lakes and even bays. We have many capable tank drivers who control their enormous machines like virtuosi."

"The Russian guns, caterpillars and tanks appear to be completely new," reported the Berlin correspondent of a Swiss paper on July 7. "Immaculately painted, well looked after, cleanly finished, and well designed, the steel machines stand there produced by a state which 20 years ago hardly possessed its own machine and armament factories." The correspondent went on to state that the Soviet tanks included a giant 60-tonner, built on the French pattern, with three gun turrets, containing a howitzer, two light guns, and several machine-guns. Another German correspondent has asserted that at Lwow the Russians employed 120-ton two-decker tanks with crews of between nine and twelve men, armed with three 10·5 cm. guns and four machine-guns, with a speed of between 6 and 30 miles an hour. He asserted that the tank was "ill-designed and ill-manipulated, but very heavily armoured" and that it was captured only because it ran out of ammunition and fuel. Two Red tank models particularly mentioned are the Christie and the Vickers.

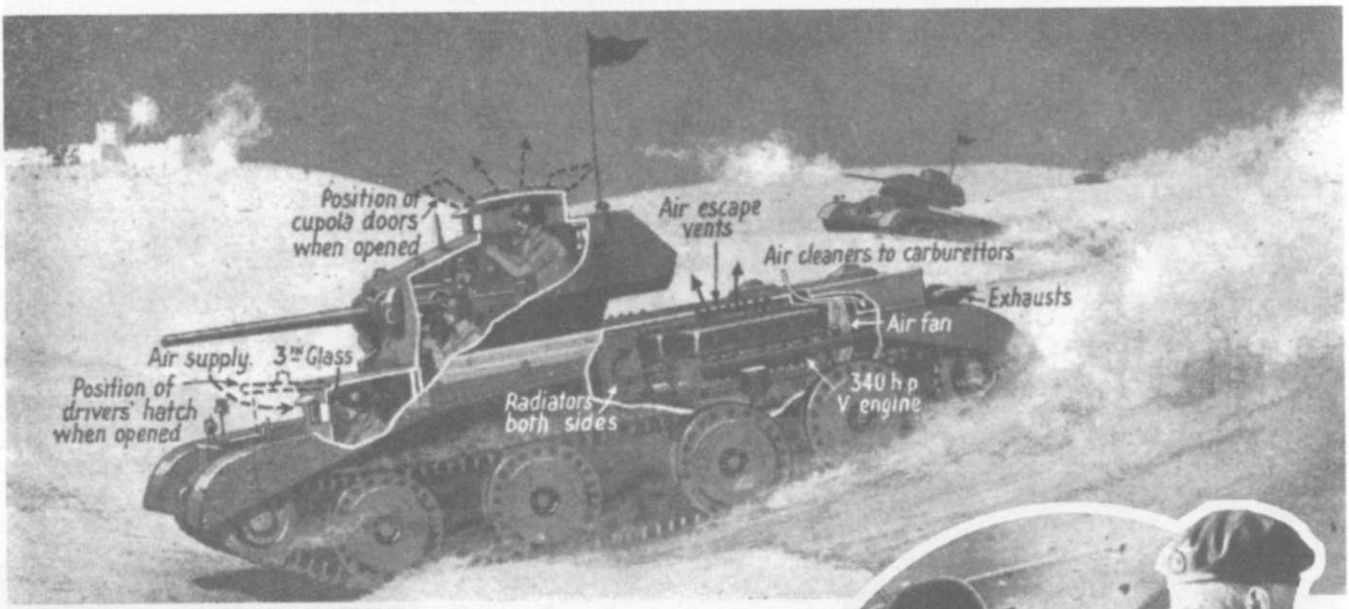
SOVIET TANK LEADER in the act of signalling. The numerical strength of Russian tanks is problematical. Some military experts say that the Soviets had as many as 50,000 when Germany attacked. There is no doubt, however, as to their efficiency and the skill and courage of their crews. *Photo, E.N.A.*

Land Ships of the Red Armada Show Their Quality

Taking a ditch, this powerful Red Army tank demonstrates the revolution in land warfare since 1914. Against such monstrous and mobile machines all trenches and Maginot lines in lateral defence are obsolete, and the only method is defence in depth, which our Russian Allies have completely foreseen. Fast Soviet tanks can travel at 60 m.p.h. along roads and 40 m.p.h. across country. Russia was the first nation to go in for mass-production of tanks, and both in quantity and quality her machines won the admiration of French and German experts as long ago as 1935. In the top picture a column of Soviet tanks is seen taking up position.

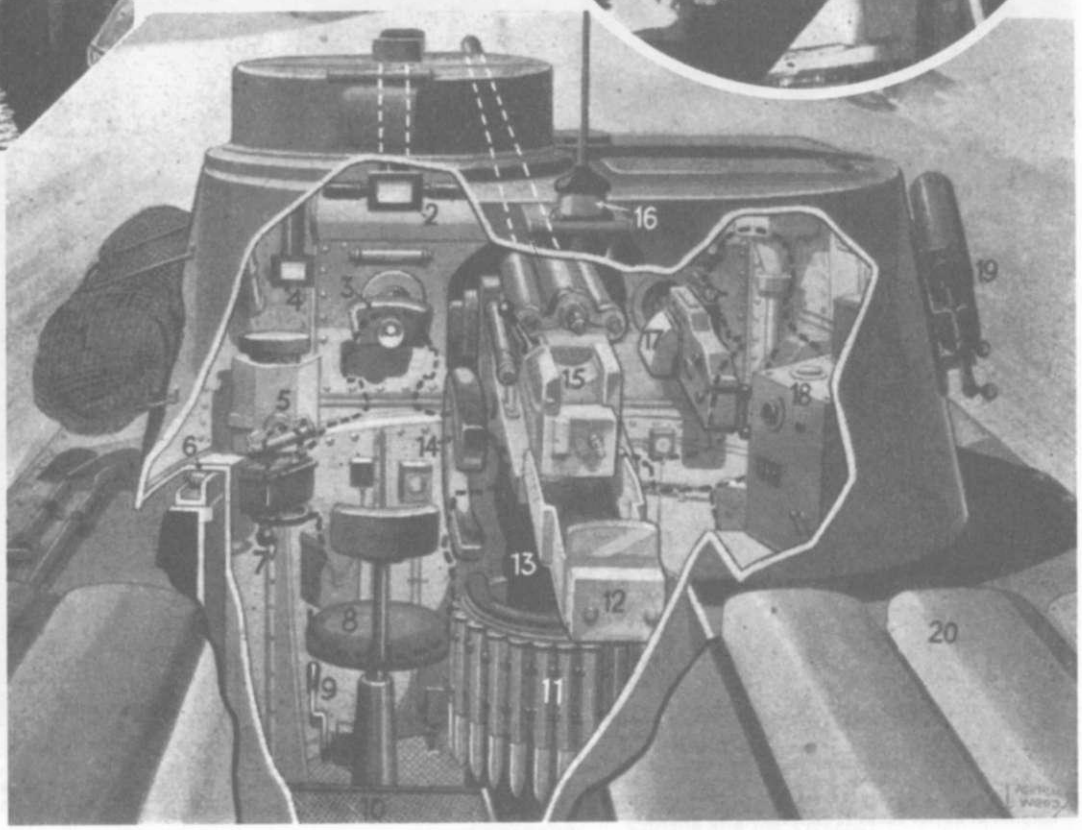
Photos, British Official: Crown Copyright

Inside and Out: British Tanks in Detail



BRITISH CRUISER TANK in action in the Libyan desert. Even in cool climates the heat inside a tank is a strain on the crew, but under the fierce sun in North Africa, where our tanks have been constantly in action, the conditions are well-nigh unbearable. All the hatches of an advancing tank are closed down, and the noise, speed and exertion of combat are the greatest test of a man's nerves and physical strength.

In the left photograph the gunner is loading the machine-gun inside a British tank, and on the right the guns are being cleaned. Every member of a tank crew must be a competent engineer, and able to undertake all duties in keeping the machine in perfect order.



This drawing shows by the dotted lines the positions occupied by the gunner (on left), and the gun-loader and wireless operator (on right).

The commander stands on a platform behind the gunner. The figures represent the following: 1, Camouflage net (stowed); 2, Commander's periscope; 3, Gunner's sight and brow pad; 4, Gunner's periscope; 5, Hydraulic turret traversing gear; 6, Roller bearings for turret; 7, Hand-operated traversing gear; 8, Gunner's adjustable seat; 9, Seat raising and lowering gear; 10, Commander's platform; 11, Two-pounder shell rack; 12, Counter balance weight of gun; 13, Spent shell-case bag; 14, Shoulder and arm-piece for elevating and depressing gun; 15, Two-pounder quick-firing gun; 16, Wireless insulator and aerial; 17, 7·92-mm. Besa machine-gun; 18, Wireless; 19, Signal rockets; 20, Air cowls for radiators (very essential, especially in the heat of the desert).

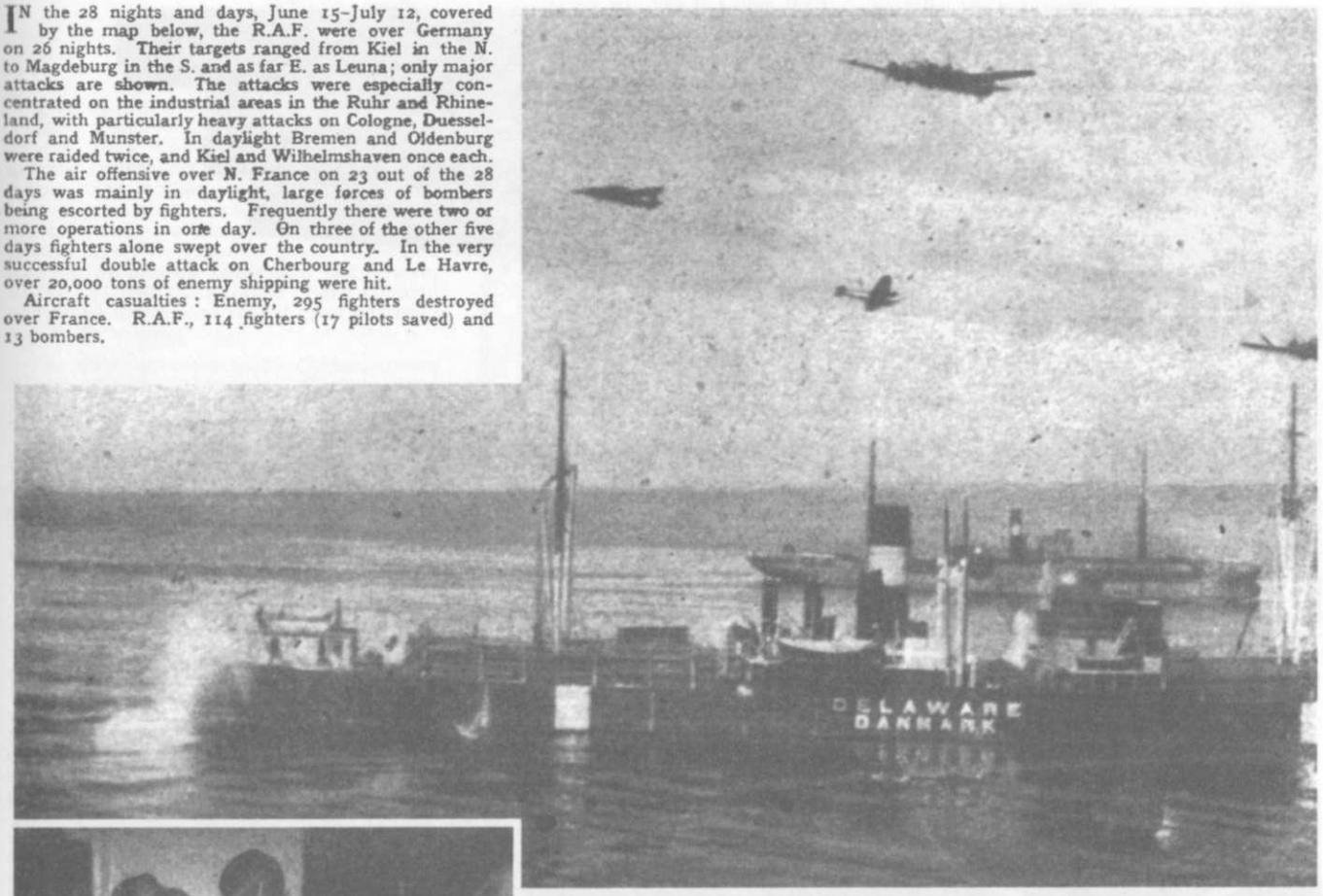
Photos, Topical; drawings by courtesy of "The Sphere."

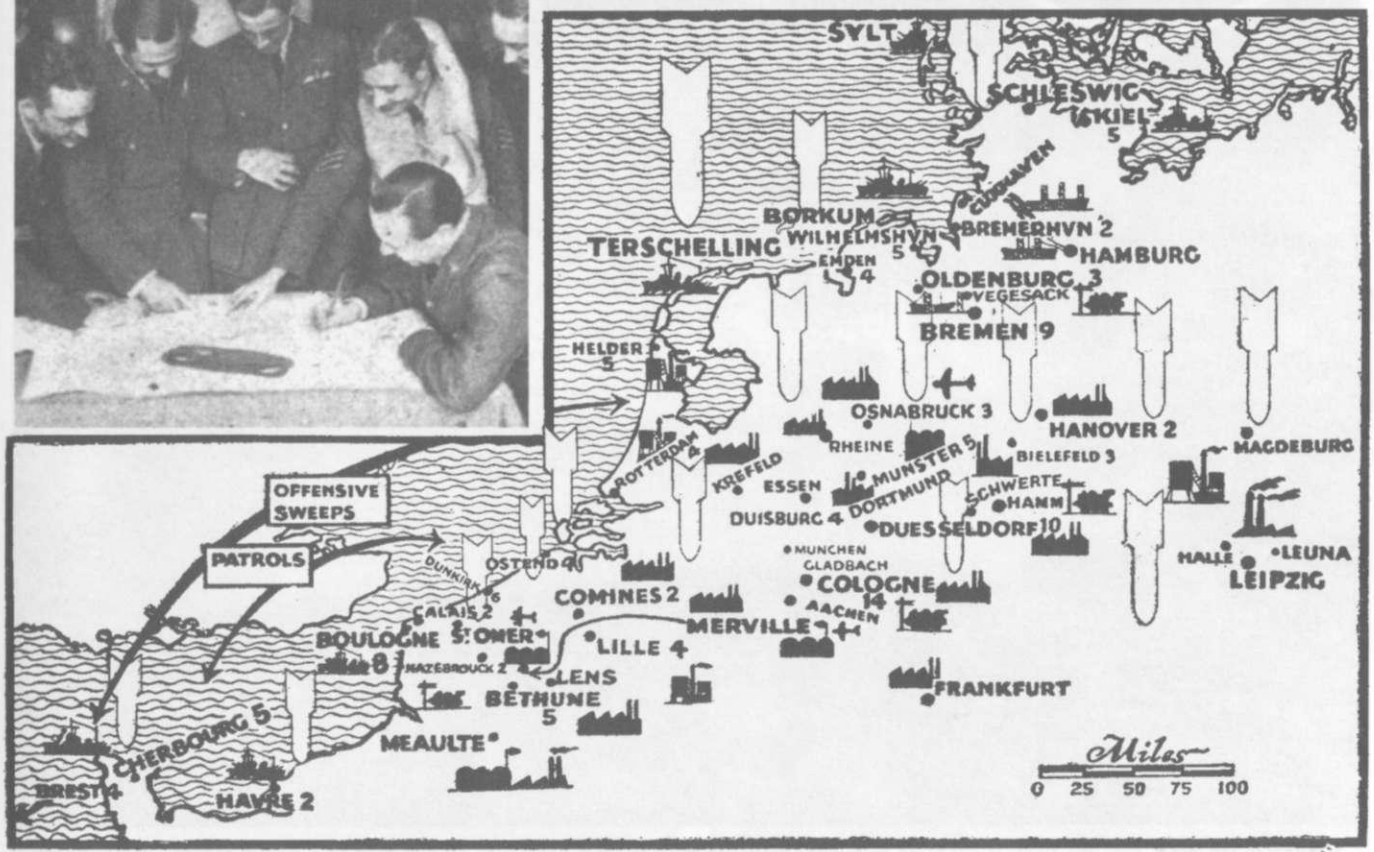
Four Weeks of R.A.F. Non-stop Fire and Fury

IN the 28 nights and days, June 15–July 12, covered by the map below, the R.A.F. were over Germany on 26 nights. Their targets ranged from Kiel in the N. to Magdeburg in the S. and as far E. as Leuna; only major attacks are shown. The attacks were especially concentrated on the industrial areas in the Ruhr and Rhineland, with particularly heavy attacks on Cologne, Duesseldorf and Munster. In daylight Bremen and Oldenburg were raided twice, and Kiel and Wilhelmshaven once each.

The air offensive over N. France on 23 out of the 28 days was mainly in daylight, large forces of bombers being escorted by fighters. Frequently there were two or more operations in one day. On three of the other five days fighters alone swept over the country. In the very successful double attack on Cherbourg and Le Havre, over 20,000 tons of enemy shipping were hit.

Aircraft casualties: Enemy, 295 fighters destroyed over France. R.A.F., 114 fighters (17 pilots saved) and 13 bombers.

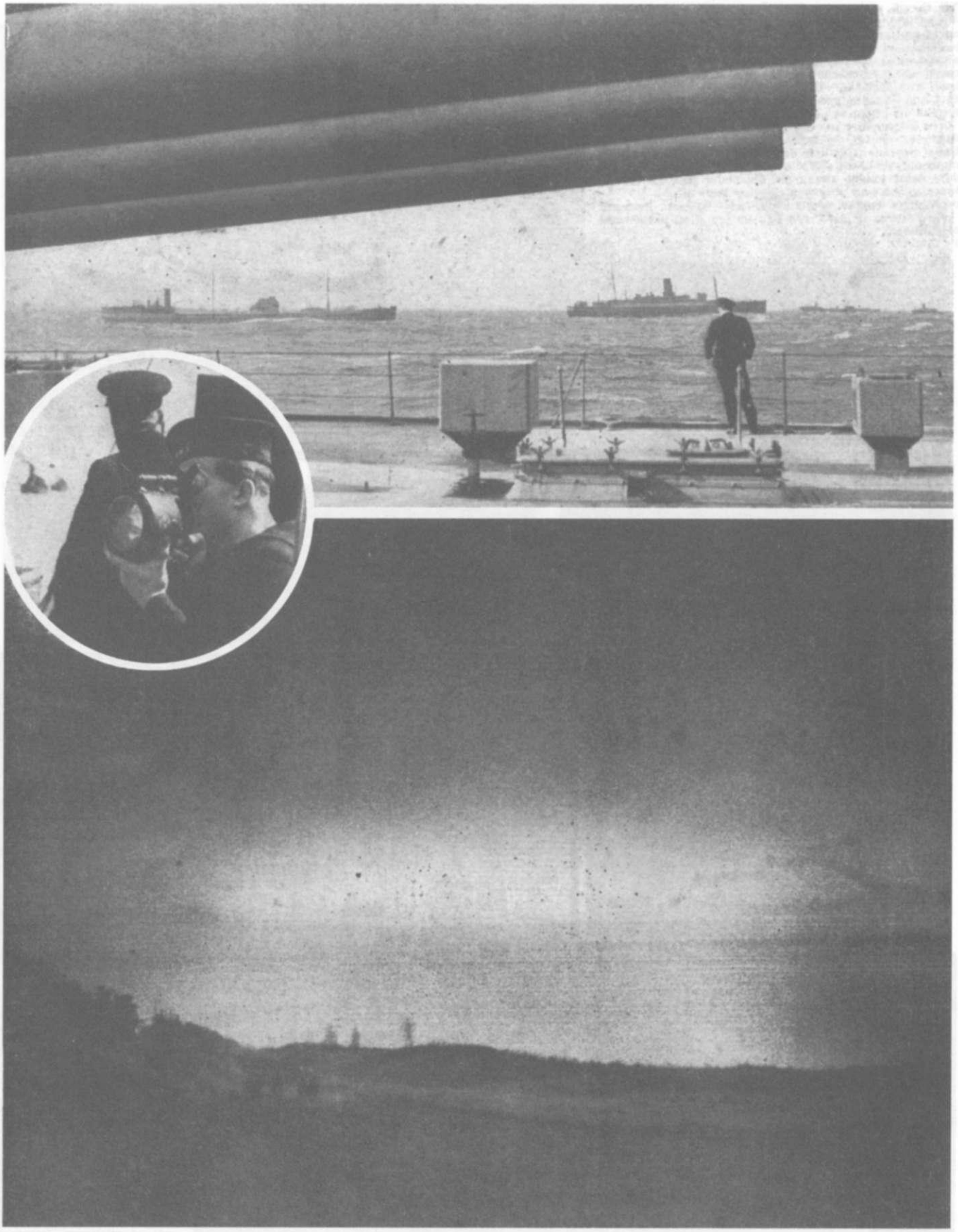




BOMBS ON THE NAZIS! Here we have striking proof of the R.A.F. non-stop invasion of Germany and German-occupied territory during the four weeks from June 15 to July 12. If a target was bombed more than once the figure beside it indicates the number of times. In the photograph at the top Blenheims are seen diving low over a Nazi convoy off the Dutch coast. One bomb has burst near the stern of the Delaware, a Danish vessel being used by the Germans. The smaller photograph shows some of the men who took part in the daylight sweep over French ports on July 10 reporting to the Intelligence Officer at their station.

Photos, British Official: Crown Copyright; Associated Press. Map, "News Chronicle"

Night and Day Convoys Come Safe to Port



INFERNO OF WAR over the Channel produced by burning flares and German coastal batteries concentrated on a British convoy. A "nocturne" to be seen on the South Coast, it reminds us of the resolution and heroism of the men who go down to the sea in ships in wartime. In the circle a bluejacket is signalling a convoy away; and in the top photograph a convoy is seen beyond the King George V. Escorted by this powerful new battleship, with her ten 14-in. guns and formidable defences against air attack, our merchantmen are scoring another point in the Battle of the Atlantic.

Photos, British Official: Crown Copyright; "News Chronicle" and L.N.A.

Nine Millions in History's Greatest Battle

As the first month of the Russo-German war drew to a close, the world's greatest armies grappled furiously in what might well be described as history's greatest battle. According to the Nazi prophets, the Red Army should have been crushed by now, but the hopes of an easy and speedy triumph faded in face of Stalin's scorched earth policy and the fierce resistance of the Russian armies and people.

"ALONG the entire eastern front," ran a statement issued by the German High Command on July 17, "a gigantic struggle for a decision is in progress. About nine million soldiers are opposed here in a combat which in extent surpasses all historical precedent and conception." It went on to claim that the Soviet Command had thrown into the battle their last reserves to try and halt the advance of the German and allied forces, and that "great successes are in the making."

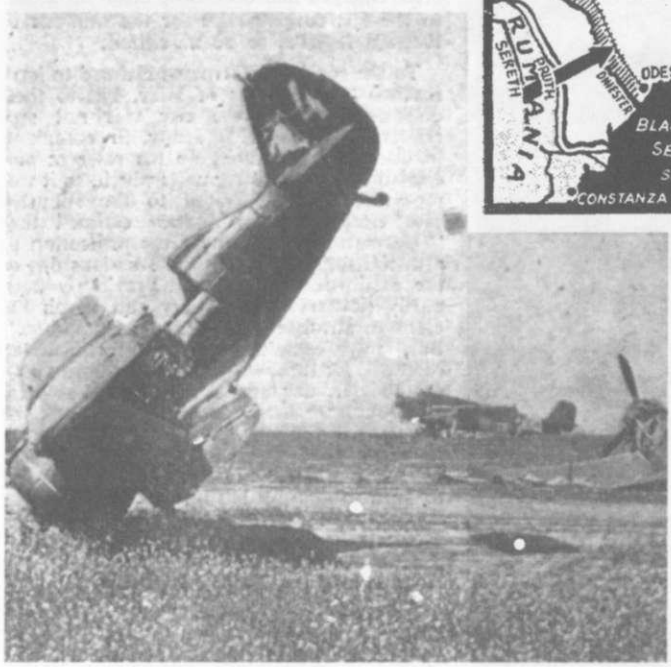
The only success actually claimed in the statement was that the German and Rumanian troops had occupied Kishinev, the capital of Bessarabia, but far more extensive claims had been made nearly a week before—and had not been substantiated. On July 12 a special German announcement gave the news that the Stalin Line had been pierced by "daring assaults at all decisive points," and the next day the German News Agency boasted that "complete German victory is now assured. Leningrad is immediately threatened, and the occupation of Kiev is imminent. The road to Moscow is opened up, and there are no further natural or artificial barriers. Supply lines of the Panzer divisions are assured." These claims were premature, to say the least; the bright young men of Dr. Goebbels' propaganda department had overstepped themselves once more. Maybe they were relying on a repetition of the experience of past campaigns—that to secure just a foothold in the enemy's position was tantamount to having won it. The Russian resistance, however, was much more determined and prolonged than that which the Germans had encountered in Poland, France, and the Balkans. Once again the Russian soldier lived up to his reputation for stubbornness and tenacity; he refused to surrender, even when according to the text books he ought to have realized that it was the proper thing to do . . . Another reason may be advanced for Goebbels' optimistic mendacity, and that is the effect on German morale of the enormous losses which could no longer be hid. The newspapers were filled with obituary lists, and at the stations in Berlin and other German cities huge crowds watched in silence the passing of the ambulance trains in an almost uninterrupted stream. The little doctor may well have come to the conclusion that something had to be done to raise the German people's morale.

The unhappy position of the German soldiers was well described by A. T. Cholerton in a dispatch to the "Daily Telegraph" from Moscow. He spoke of them being choked and blinded by Russian dust, bombed and machine-gunned on bad, dyked roads, stubbornly counter-attacked by the Red Army, worn out by the night raids of Russian guerillas behind the front. He described how they were being told of the Anglo-Russian Pact by radio, leaflets dropped from the air, and secret means behind the lines. "They will now know, if they did not before, that however far they may get on any front, they will never get as far as peace until they give in and chase out their masters."

Within a few hours the absurdity of the Nazi claims was so manifest that the propagandists in Berlin were forced to change their tune. Now they stressed the difficulties of the Russian campaign, and claimed not "open roads," but "break-through operations proceeding according to plan." On July 17 the German High Command issued a warning to the nation against over-optimism and an appeal for patience.

Then here is a significant broadcast from Germany addressed to the German people. "Our German infantry in many parts of the front are far behind our motorized units. The mechanized forces have penetrated deeply into Soviet territory and naturally the infantry are falling behind in many parts of the line. They are having to undertake forced marches to catch up.

"Very often there is no food for our brave soldiers because the field-kitchens cannot get



THE RUSSO-GERMAN FRONT with the positions of the opposing forces on July 17 is shown in the map, where black arrows denote the main Nazi drives and the white arrows and oblongs the Soviet counter-attacks and defence. Above, left, are wrecked Russian planes, with a German aeroplane landing in the background. Above, right, a Soviet A.A. quadruple machine-gun in action. Wastage in planes on both sides has been enormous

Photos, British Official: Crown Copyright; Associated Press. Map by courtesy of the "Daily Mail"

Victories but No Victory for the Nazis

through. We have other worries as well. The Soviet civil population are burning down all their houses, and we cannot find quarters. So we often suffer in our tents from the extreme cold, and on many occasions we have shivered all night. It must be borne in mind, too, that this Stalin Line is a defence-line-in-depth, built up with the strongest fortifications."

By now the first month of the campaign was nearly ended, and the Germans had still not penetrated the Russian defence system, the Red Armies were still largely intact, and several hundred miles of country separated the most advanced of the Nazi tanks from Moscow.

In the north the main Russian positions were still intact, and the Finnish-German forces had made little progress. In Estonia, strong German forces were striving desperately to break through to Leningrad, but they were being subjected to ceaseless counter-attacks, particularly in the region about Pskov.

The Russian armies were here under the command of Marshal Voroshilov, who was reported to have nearly a million men at his disposal. Even on the coast Russian pockets kept up a fierce resistance; little "Tobruks" stuck like thorns into the side of the Nazi advance, and the Red Navy smashed more than one attempt at a landing in the Gulf of Riga.

In the middle sector of the front—that most vital and hard-pressed sector where the great Russian armies stood at bay under Marshal Timoshenko—the Nazis could claim considerable progress, but only at a terrible cost following the launching of their resumed offensive on July 12. In places they were more than 200 miles beyond the old Russian frontier, but Smolensk seemed to mark the limit of their progress—and Smolensk is 230 miles from Moscow. Then far behind the fighting front considerable Russian forces held out, although for weeks they had been completely surrounded—in the neighbourhood of Minsk, Bobruisk, and Bialystok in particular. This resistance, it was plain, was part of a prearranged plan; the Russian forces engaged had been ordered to hold out to the last to give time for the millions of Russian reserves to be mobilized.

To the south the Germans claimed to have reached the outskirts of Kiev, but to their disgusted surprise the city was not surrendered. Marshal Budenny, in command in this sector, brought up his reserves and ejected the Nazi Panzer units which, so it was reported, had penetrated to the suburbs. The German News Agency claimed that "German infantry, under the protection of artificial fog, dynamited the Russians out of the earthworks, which had previously been partly shattered by artillery and which the German advance units had already passed." But, it was explained, the main fortifications extended for three storeys underground; and as the Germans advanced the Red soldiers emerged from these labyrinths to attack the attackers in the rear. All the evidence went to show that Budenny was preparing to defend Kiev street by street and, if necessary, to burn it before it fell into the hands of the enemy. Still farther south hard fighting was reported to be taking place in Bessarabia, but nowhere, it seemed, had the old frontier into Russia been crossed.

In the first nine days of the campaign the Germans averaged an advance of about 20 miles a day; during the next 18 days the advance to Smolensk averaged only about half that figure. Either Russian resistance was stiffening or the Nazi onrush was losing its impetus.

WHY WE STAND BY RUSSIA

"LET no one say we are now in league with Communists and are fighting the battle of Communism. More fitly can neutralists and fence-sitters be charged with fighting the battle of Nazism.

"If Hitler, in his insane megalomania, has driven Russia to fight him in self-defence, we bless her arms and wish her all success, without for a moment identifying ourselves with her Communistic creed."

—General J. Smuts

RED WARSHIPS in the Baltic, where most of the Russian fleet is based on Kronstadt. On July 12 units of the Red Navy destroyed in the Gulf of Riga four German destroyers and thirteen armed transports carrying troops and munitions for an attack on the Russian coast. The smaller photograph shows sailors aboard the Kalinin handling a torpedo. *Photos, British Official, and E.N.A.*

Harvest of Flames for Hitler's Barbarians

WAR AND PEACE make a grim contrast in this photograph, showing how the road was suddenly transformed into a highway of death and destruction as the military lorries arrived and unloaded a squad of machine-gunners. These Nazis have taken up their positions facing the enemy, while peasant women and children are trying to get out of the danger zone. In the top photograph a Russian village (note the traffic signs) is seen blazing furiously as part of Stalin's "scorched earth" policy. When the Huns arrive there will be nothing left but a heap of smouldering cinders.

Photos, Associated Press and Keystone

Into Damascus Clatters the Cavalcade of Freedom: British and F

ON THE ROAD IN SYRIA, a Bren-gun carrier manned by Indian soldiers. Derelict material left by the Vichy forces is seen by the wayside. Beneath, yeomanry and Bren-gun crews resting. In the centre, Free French soldiers, one of whom is the standard-bearer with the French flag of the Circassian cavalry, in Damascus, General Catroux and General Legentilhomme having just driven through the city.

Photos, British Official: Crown Copyright

Peace in Syria After Five Weeks of War

On Sunday, June 8, General Sir Maitland Wilson's Army invaded Syria. Five weeks later, on Friday, July 11, the "cease fire" was sounded, and within a few days a convention had been signed providing for the termination of hostilities. So ended a campaign which, though it had to be fought, was one little to the taste of the belligerents on either side.

DAMOUR RIDGE, Vichy's last line of defence before Beirut, was assailed by the Australians at dawn on Sunday, July 6. The Vichyites were strongly entrenched and put up a fierce resistance so that the Australians had to go all out to win. "Reminiscent of Gallipoli" was how their commander described the fighting.

Before midnight on Saturday the Australian troops assembled on the southern bank of the Damour at a point some miles from where it joins the sea. At zero hour, shortly before dawn, they scrambled down into the gorge, and after half-an-hour's stumbling reached the bed of the wadi. So far not a shot had been fired, but now the French watchdogs posted along the northern bank heard the troops splashing through the shallow stream, and with their yelping and barking gave the alarm. At once the French machine-guns and mortars opened fire, until the whole northern bank seemed to erupt in a sheet of flame. Many of the attackers fell, but the Australians plunged across the river and charged up the opposite bank just as their fathers had done on the bullet-swept slopes of Gallipoli. As they swarmed up the bank they slung their bayoneted rifles across their backs, until arrived at the top they got into some sort of order and then drove the French from their positions. At dawn the British artillery opened up, laying down a tremendous barrage in front of the advancing infantry; warships, standing in close to shore, flung salvo after salvo into the French positions; while at the same time planes of the R.A.F. and the R.A.A.F. drove the Vichy fighters from the sky. By the end of the day the Vichy resistance on the Ridge was smashed, but it had been a hard and costly struggle, since the legionaries and colonials fought to the bitter end.

By Tuesday, July 8, the Australians had occupied all their objectives south of Damour, and the attack on the town itself began. Once again there was fierce fighting, and the Vichyites in the orange and banana groves surrounding the town were heavily shelled before our men could get to them with the bayonet. "We are making progress," said the Brigadier commanding the coastal column, "but it is very slow. These Frenchmen are brave fellows. They just won't get out." But at 8 a.m. on July 10 the first of the Australians made their way into Damour, and their patrols pushed on along the coast road and were soon within sight of Beirut.

General Dentz, Vichy Commander-in-Chief, must have known that further resistance would be useless, but he hesitated to accept General Wilson's appeal that Beirut should be declared an open town so as to spare it the horrors and distress which would otherwise be inevitable. So the fighting went on for a day or two until overtures for a suspension of hostilities were begun.

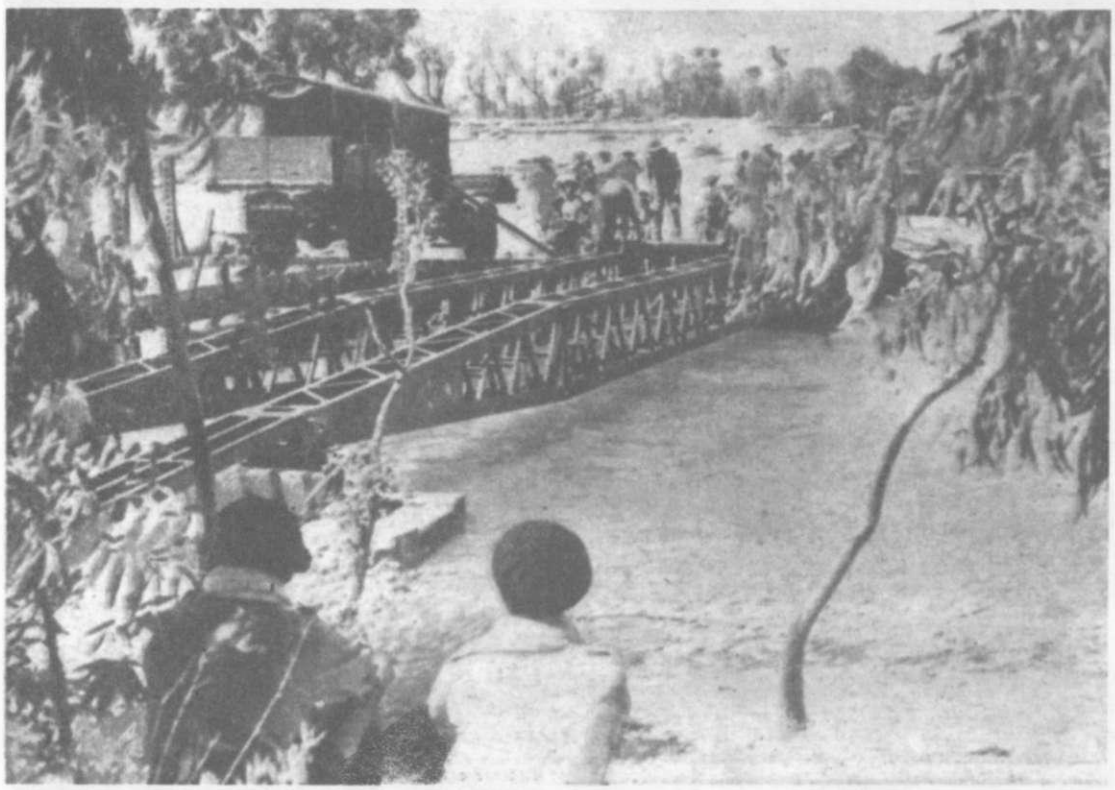
None too soon, indeed, for the position of the Vichyites was critical. The Turks had refused to allow supplies for General Dentz to pass through Turkey, and reinforcements which were reported to have been assembled at Salonika failed to arrive: the British Navy was keeping too strict a watch. Beirut was threatened by the Australians, fighting their way along the coast from Damour. Two Indian columns had arrived within 50 miles of Aleppo, and a column of British infantry with Australian artillery had pushed its patrols to within easy distance of Homs. Near Damascus, British regiments had won possession of the strategic heights dominating the road to Beirut.

Communication with General Wilson was established in a roundabout fashion by way of the American Consul-General in Beirut, Washington, and London. The first proposals were rejected by Vichy on the ground that their acceptance would have involved the virtual recognition of General de Gaulle, but they washed their hands of an unpleasant business by stating that General Dentz was free to act "in the event of the British Government taking on itself responsibility for continuing the struggle." Thus empowered, General Dentz made direct contact by wireless with the British authorities in Jerusalem on July 11, and it was at once agreed that fighting in Syria should stop. Hostilities actually ceased at 21.01 (G.M.T.) on Friday, July 11.

The next morning General de Verdillac, acting as Vichy's plenipotentiary, accompanied by a number of Vichy officers, proceeded to Acre, where at 10.30 in a room in the Sidney Smith barracks de Verdillac met General Wilson, accompanied by Lieut.-General Lavarack, his second in command, and General Catroux and other Imperial and Free French officers. The conference began at 11.30, and after a time the British withdrew, leaving Catroux and de Verdillac to thrash things out together. For hours they deliberated over the details, but everything was agreed at last, and de Verdillac initialled the terms.

The conference was resumed in the Sidney Smith barracks at 11 a.m. on July 14, and came to a successful end at eight o'clock in the evening. The convention—not "armistice," since technically there had been no war—consisted of 22 paragraphs, of which the most important provided for the occupation of the whole of Syria and Lebanon by the Allies; the granting of full honours of war to the French forces; the immediate release of any of the Allied forces who had been taken prisoner, including those who had been transferred to France, and the release of the French prisoners when the whole of the territory had been occupied and the clauses of the convention fulfilled; the granting of the alternative of rallying to the allied cause or being repatriated to individual Vichyites, whether military or civil; and the handing over of all war material of whatever description, public services, aircraft, aerodromes and equipment, ships, etc., intact.

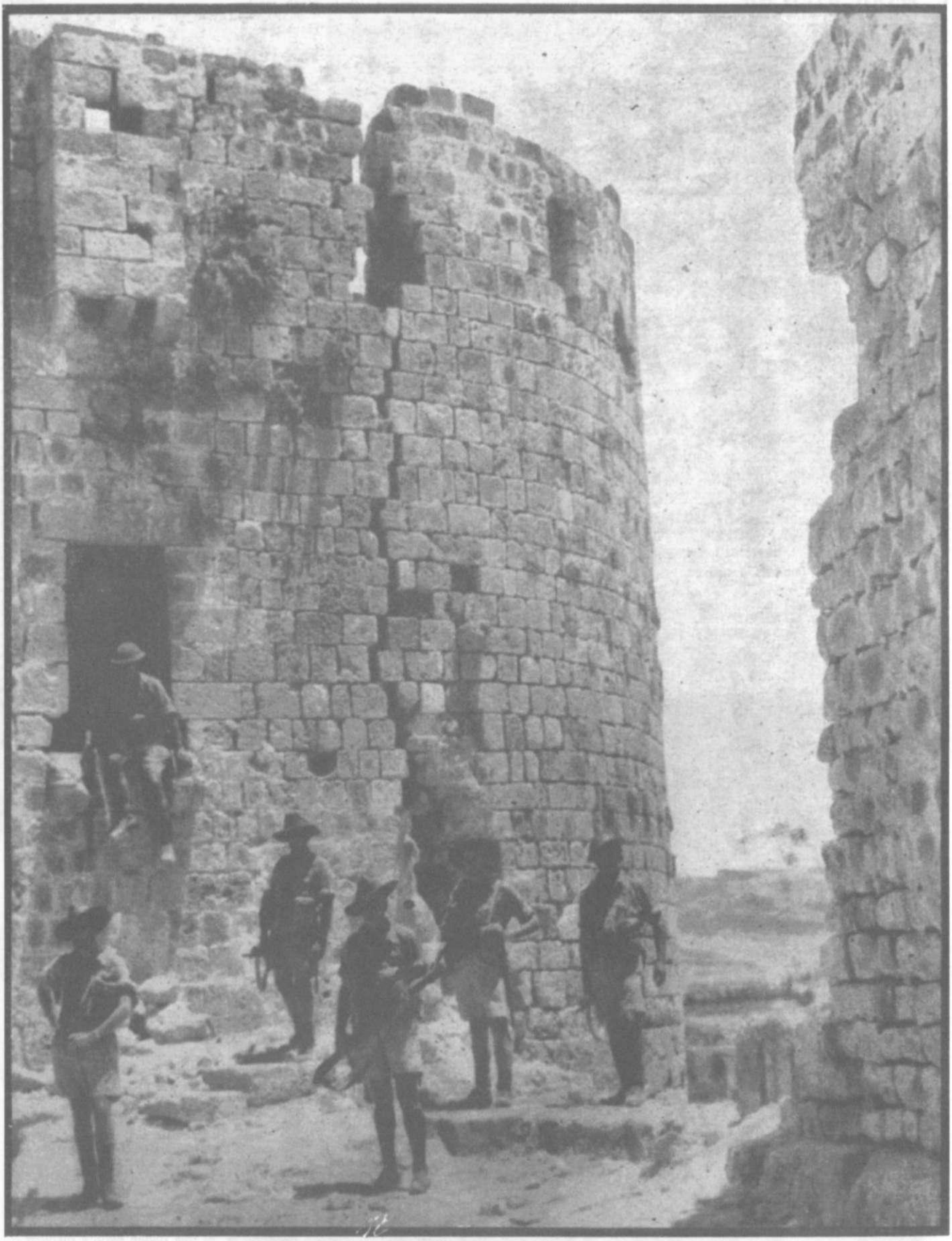
When the last page of the document had been signed, General Wilson through an interpreter asked General de Verdillac to join him in a glass of wine, and "drink to a better day." The glasses were raised and emptied. The war in Syria was at an end.



NEAR TYRE, a new bridge is being thrown across the River Litani by British Army engineers in place of one destroyed by retreating Vichy forces. The Litani flows into the sea near Tyre, and came into prominence during the Syrian campaign. With other streams it formed a considerable obstacle to our mechanized units operating between Tyre, Merj Iyoun and Beirut.

Photo, Australian Official: Crown Copyright

Australians 'Mop Up' in a Crusaders' Fastness



AT SIDON Australian soldiers search for snipers amid the ruins of the old Crusaders' castle. The terms of the Syrian Convention signed on July 14, in their moderation and rectitude, are a credit to all concerned in this unfortunate episode. Mr. Churchill, who never fails to touch the inspired note in all the incalculable vicissitudes of the struggle against the evil of Hitlerism, reminded us of the discipline, skill and courage of our opponents in Syria. And they, too, must realize now that "we seek no British advantage in Syria . . ." *Photo, British Official: Crown Copyright*

Our Diary of the War

SUNDAY, JULY 13, 1941 *680th day*

Air.—R.A.F. made night raids on industrial targets in N.W. Germany, particularly Bremen and Vegesack, docks at Amsterdam and Ostend, oil tanks at Rotterdam, and enemy aerodromes.

Russian Front.—Moscow stated that there were no significant changes to report. Finns claimed to have attacked Russian positions north and south of Lake Ladoga and penetrated far into their rear.

Africa.—R.A.F. successfully attacked convoy outside Tripoli, sinking two ships.

Near East.—Aerodromes on island of Rhodes bombed during night of 12-13.

Home.—Night raiders dropped bombs on some coastal districts and on one place in Midlands. Two enemy aircraft destroyed.

MONDAY, JULY 14 *681st day*

Sea. — C.-in-C. Mediterranean reported further successes by submarines. At least three troop and supply ships sunk, and probably two more.

H.M. sloop Auckland reported sunk.

Air.—All-day attacks on shipping and coastal targets, including Cherbourg, Le Havre and Hazebrouck. Seven enemy fighters destroyed; we lost two bombers and four fighters.

Night attacks on Bremen and Hanover and docks at Rotterdam.

Russian Front.—Moscow claimed to have sunk two U-boats. Soviet air force bombed Ploesti oil centre, Rumania.

Africa.—Night attacks on Bardia and Benghazi. Day raid on aerodrome at Zuara.

Near East.—Vichy Government officially announced approval and signature of terms for armistice in Syria.

R.A.F. made night attacks on aerodromes at Eleusis and Hassani (Greece) and Heraklion (Crete), and on docks at Messina.

Home.—Night raiders attacked east coastal town. Two day bombers destroyed.

TUESDAY, JULY 15 *682nd day*

Air.—Night attacks on Duisburg and other parts of the Ruhr.

Russian Front.—Moscow communiqué referred to heavy fighting in northern and central zones. Oil refineries at Ploesti bombed by Soviet aircraft.

Unofficial German announcement that troops had reached Kiev.

Africa.—Cairo stated that offensive patrols had been active at Tobruk, capturing prisoners and inflicting casualties.

Seven enemy aircraft shot down off Libyan coast.

Near East.—Allied troops formally occupied Beirut.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 16 *683rd day*

Air.—Great daylight raid on docks at Rotterdam, when 17 ships, totalling about 100,000 tons, were put out of action.

Night raids on Hamburg and other objectives in N.W. Germany. Boulogne docks bombed.

Russian Front.—Heavy fighting continued in Pskov, Smolensk, Bobruisk and Novgorod-Volynsk sectors. Russian air force again attacked oil centre at Ploesti.

Germans claimed to have flanked Lake Peipus and to be 130 miles from Leningrad; also that they have captured Kishinev, capital of Bessarabia.

Africa.—Pressure increasing on enemy forces holding Wolshefit Pass, near Gondar.

R.A.F. attacked convoy off Tripolitanian coast; one ship sunk, another damaged.

Japan.—Political crisis; Cabinet resigned.

THURSDAY, JULY 17 *684th day*

Sea.—H.M. auxiliary vessel Lady Somers reported sunk.

Air.—Five enemy fighters and a seaplane destroyed during offensive sweep over northern France.

Night attacks on Cologne and elsewhere in Rhineland. Coastal Command attacked shipping at St. Nazaire.

Russian Front.—Moscow reported violent battles at Pskov and Porkhov against German drive towards Leningrad.

German High Command spoke of gigantic struggle, involving 9,000,000 soldiers, in progress along whole of front.

Africa.—Another successful sortie into enemy positions south of Tobruk on night of 16-17.

R.A.F. heavily attacked Benghazi and Tripoli on nights of July 15, 16 and 17. Fleet Air Arm torpedoed a 6,000-ton tanker.

Home.—Two enemy fighters destroyed off south coast.

Sharp night raid on Hull, causing heavy casualties.

FRIDAY, JULY 18 *685th day*

Sea.—Admiralty announced that our submarines in Mediterranean had sunk two schooners and five large caiques, all carrying troops.

Air.—R.A.F. hit supply ship of 6,000 tons off Dunkirk. Weather precluded night raids.

Russian Front.—Germans officially claimed capture of Smolensk on July 16, and that Russian attempts to retake the town had failed. German-Rumanian communiqué stated that they held strategic key-positions in Bessarabia.

Moscow reported stubborn fighting in areas of Pskov-Porkhov, Smolensk, and Bobruisk, and on Bessarabian front, but no substantial change.

Africa.—Three simultaneous raids on broad front against enemy positions facing western perimeter of Tobruk.

Mediterranean.—R.A.F. heavy bombers attacked cruisers and destroyers in Palermo harbour, Sicily, on night of 17-18. Fleet Air Arm bombed aerodromes at Gerbini and Augusta.

Home.—Two bombers shot down off south coast.

Japan.—New Cabinet formed in which Mr. Matsuoka, Foreign Minister, was superseded.

General.—Agreement signed in London between Russia and Czechoslovakia restoring diplomatic relations.

SATURDAY, JULY 19 *686th day*

Air.—R.A.F. destroyed or disabled eight ships, totalling 48,000 tons, in convoys off The Hague and Isle of Norderney.

Night raids on Hanover and other industrial areas.

Russian Front.—Fierce fighting in Polotsk-Nevel, Smolensk and Bobruisk areas. Germans announced that Nazi and Rumanian troops from Bessarabia had forced Dniester river at several points.

Moscow announced destruction by aircraft of eleven enemy transports and an oil tanker in the Baltic.

Home.—Night raiders dropped bombs on two places in Midlands.

INDIA'S FIRST V.C. OF THIS WAR

SECOND-LIEUT. P. S. BHAGAT, of the 21st Bombay Sappers and Miners, received the Empire's most coveted order for gallant work in leading mobile troops to clear the road and adjacent areas of mines after Metemma had been captured on the night of January 31—February 1. For four days over a distance of 55 miles this officer, in the leading carrier, led the column, detecting and supervising the clearing of fifteen minefields. On two occasions when his carrier was blown up with casualties to others, and on a third occasion when ambushed and under close enemy fire, he continued with his task. Though exhausted with strain and fatigue and with one ear-drum broken by an explosion, he refused relief but elected to carry on. His coolness and persistence in great danger over a period of 96 hours were of the highest order.

Left, Second-Lieut. Bhagat is seen shaking hands with the Matron of the hospital where he was treated for fever.

The British Empire is proud of this Indian hero, a member of our imperial brotherhood fighting against Hitlerism.

Photo, British Official

War Still Goes On in the Western Desert

A British soldier wearing goggles and a handkerchief as a protection against the sandstorm sweeping across his outpost.

Tragic pawns in Hitler's megalomaniac game of chess. German prisoners captured in the fighting near Sollum sitting in attitudes of despair under the pitiless sun. Left: General Rommel (standing on tank, with field glasses), Commander-in-Chief of the Nazi African Corps, making observations somewhere in the Libyan war zone.

Above right, belts of ammunition captured by the British forces in the Western Desert. The circular photograph is of the Brigadier who was in charge of a successful attack on Fort Capuzzo, explaining the plan of the attack to his staff officers.

Photos, British Official: Crown Copyright; Associated Press

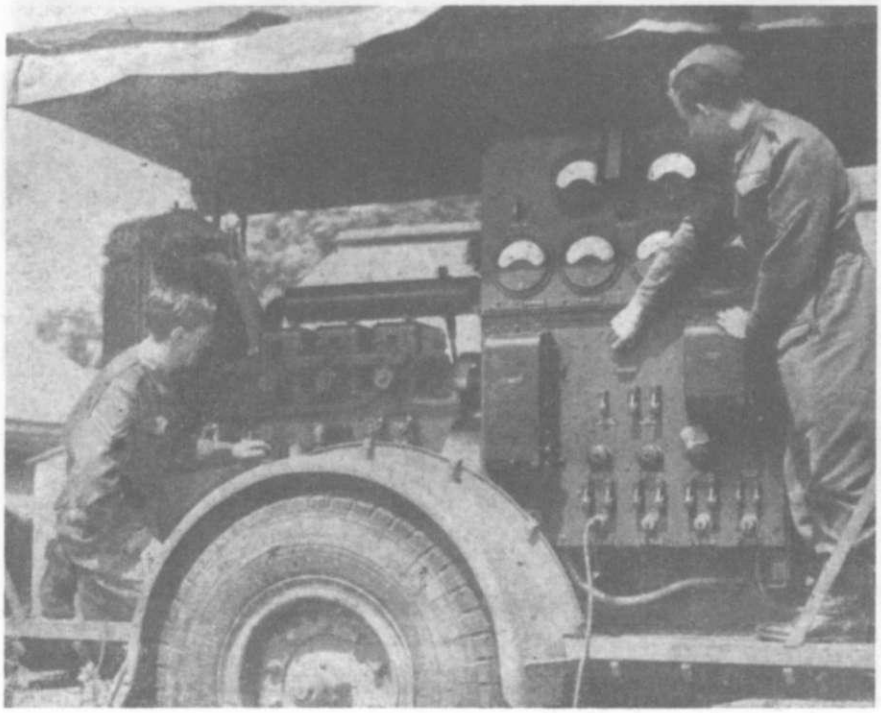
Unseen Fingers Help to Track Down the Foe

RADIOLOCATION, described as the best-kept secret of the war, is one of the new marvels of science that are helping Britain to victory. Any plane, tank or ship in the path of the radio-ray flashes back a message. Thanks to radiolocation the night-bomber peril has been much reduced.

On the right we see some of the radiolocators who, day and night, man the instruments which have been installed all over the country.

Circle below: A radiolocation operator "twiddling the knobs" of an instrument not unlike the familiar wireless.

Right: Mr. C. O. Cummings (seated), who is in charge of the Civilian Technical Corps, signing up, at the British Consulate in New York, American radio men for service in England.



A sergeant and corporal at work with a Royal Army Ordnance Corps servicing lorry at a radiolocation site. On the left, mechanics testing a power unit.

Photos, G.P.U. and Keystone

They Have Won Honours in Freedom's Cause

King's Police Medal

Asst. Dist. Officer W. Mosedale, G.C., for saving twelve lives during a Birmingham raid.

Ch. Insp. R. C. Wainwright, B.E.M., for conspicuous bravery in many City of London raids.

P. C. Pritlove, King's Police Medal, for great resource and devotion to duty.

Fireman W. C. Skillern, G.M., for saving 21 women entombed in a London basement.

Royal Red Cross

Warden W. G. Smith, B.E.M., for helping to save four people from debris after an air raid in Hackney.

Mr. A. J. Sambridge, A.R.P., Hackney, **G.M.,** for rescuing a trapped woman from a flooded basement.

Postman F. G. Gurr, B.E.M., for clearing letters from post-boxes amid unexploded bombs and fires.

Mr. J. L. Pelham, Chief of Hendon A.R.P. Rescue Service, **M.B.E.,** for great courage and devotion to duty.

Mr. W. J. Holtham, G.M., for attending to gas-valves at Nine Elms though injured by exploding bomb.

Mr. N. Jaeger, A.R.P., **Bar to B.E.M.,** for rescuing trapped air-raid victims from a Lambeth lodging-house.

Prob. Nurse V. A. Clancy, B.E.M., for saving children from a Plymouth Hospital.

Dr. H. Billig, G.M., for attending casualties though suffering herself from a broken ankle.

Dr. A. J. McNairn, G.M., for displaying conspicuous courage when a Plymouth hospital was hit.

Sergt. M. H. Willans, A.T.S., **B.E.M.,** for meritorious conduct with an Essex A.A. Battery.

Miss C. Bick, 15-year-old dispatch rider, **G.M.,** for bravery and devotion to duty at West Bromwich.

Matron G. E. M. Clubb, R.A.F. Hospital, **R.R.C.** First Class, for outstanding ability and courage.

P.O. the Hon. B. D. Grimston, D.F.C., for bombing enemy target under anti-aircraft fire.

Group Capt. G. M. Lawson, M.C., **O.B.E.,** for great gallantry in the course of his air duties.

Air Comm. S. E. Goodwin, O.B.E., for conspicuous ability in connexion with his air duties.

Air Vice Marshal F. J. Linnell, C.B., for outstanding devotion to duty on all occasions.

Sqd. Ldr. J. R. Gordon-Finlayson, D.F.C., now **D.S.O.,** for completing 100 operational sorties.

Flt. Lieut. A. L. Taylor, Second bar to **D.F.C.,** for gallantry and resourcefulness of reconnaissance.

Flt. Lieut. W. F. Blackadder, of Edinburgh, **D.S.O.,** for heroism in air combat.

P.O. K. J. Holmes, of Hull, **D.F.C.,** for diving low to bomb the Scharnhorst and Gneisenau.

Flt. Lieut. R. P. R. Powell, D.F.C., for remarkable skill and courage in his air duties.

Sergt. D. F. Allen, G.M., for valiant efforts to save three men from a crashed-plane.

Actg. Flt.-Lieut. S. Smith, D. F. C., for bravery in attacking and bombing ammunition ships.

Flying Officer J. A. Hemmingway, D.F.C. for gallantry in the execution of his air duties.

Sqd.-Ldr. E. L. Magrath, M.B.E., in recognition of His distinguished services with the R.A.F.

Sgt. B. E. Dye, Bar to D.F.M., for exceptional skill and keenness in night-flying operations.

P.O. A. J. Hodgkinson, D.F.C., for destroying six enemy aircraft during night attacks.

Lieut. Kershaw, D.S.O., for landing under fire in Abyssinia and rescuing Captain Frost.

Capt. Frost, of the S.A.A.F., **D.F.C.,** for conspicuous courage in air fighting over Abyssinia.

Sqd.-Ldr. J. C. Willis, D.F.C., for brilliant service and courage in the Middle East.

Now We Know Why King Leopold Surrendered

On May 27, 1940, the Belgian Army, at the order of its King, laid down its arms. Following the "Cease Fire," King Leopold was bitterly denounced by his Allies for his desertion, even betrayal, of the common cause. But passing months have brought to light many facts which were not known at the time—facts which go far to explain the King's action.

AFTER King Leopold surrendered with his army—or what was left of it—on that fateful May evening, he made no reply to the bitter accusations that were hurled against him. "*Votre sort est mon sort*" (Your fate is my fate), he told his soldiers; and with that passed into captivity. Behind him clanged the gates of his château at Laeken, which now became his prison; and there, in spite of the blandishments of the Nazis, who would have been delighted to have employed him as a royal Quisling, he has remained—silent and almost alone to this day.

Even at the time there were some who protested against the storm of opprobrium which hurtled about Leopold's ears. Mr. Churchill asked that judgement about the surrender should be suspended until the facts were known, and Admiral Sir Roger Keyes, who had been in close attendance upon the King, echoed his appeal. But the action was so sudden, so altogether unexpected, that there were few who put a rein upon their tongues. As the months have passed, however, King Leopold has attracted an increasing number of defenders. Thus in August 1940 Mr. John Cudahy, American Ambassador in Brussels, said that the King's decision to surrender would be applauded when the truth was known. "I think it will be shown that the Allies were informed, and fully informed, no less than three days before," he said. "Suppose you are in command of an army of half a million or more howling, panic-stricken civilian refugees. Suppose you have found that nothing can be gained for your army or for your Allies, and you say to yourself: 'I will be guilty of the taking of human life if I persist in this position,' and so decide as a man of Christian conscience that you have nothing else to do but to surrender. That was the position the King was in, and it will be shown by the facts when the facts are known."

Sir Roger Keyes, at the request of the British Government, left England by aeroplane to join King Leopold as Special Liaison Officer. Throughout the brief campaign in Belgium he was with the King at the headquarters of the Belgian Army, and at the same time was in close touch with British G.H.Q. and the Government in London. He remained with King Leopold until 10 p.m. on May 27, the day on which the King asked the Germans for an armistice. Thus he had unrivalled opportunities of observing the course of events.

When his country was invaded, Leopold had placed himself and his army under the French High Command, and the movements of his army conformed with their orders.

'No Right to Jeopardize British'

On May 20 the British Army and the French northern army were ordered to prepare to fight to the south-westward to regain contact with the main French army, and unless the Belgian army could conform to this movement it was clear that it would involve a breach of contact between the British and Belgian armies. On conveying the order to the King, Sir Roger was asked to tell the British Government and Lord Gort that the Belgian army had neither tanks nor aircraft, and existed solely for defence. He did not feel he had any right to expect the British Government to jeopardize, perhaps, the very existence of the British Army to keep contact with the Belgian army, but he wished to make it quite clear that if there were a separation between the two armies the capitulation of the Belgian army would be inevitable.

At the request of the French High Command the Belgian army was withdrawn on May 23 from the strongly prepared position on the Scheldt to a much weaker and longer line on the Lys, to allow the British Army to retire behind the defensive frontier line which it had occupied throughout the winter to prepare for the offensive it was about to undertake to the southward.

On the evening of May 26 a break through the Belgian line by the Germans seemed to be inevitable, and the King moved the remaining French 60th Division in Belgian vehicles to a prepared position across the Yser, which by now was flooded over a wide area and its bridges mined.

Fighting on the Belgian front had been continuous for four days, and the Belgian army by May 27 was running short of food and ammunition and was being attacked by at least eight German divisions, including armoured units and waves of dive bombers.

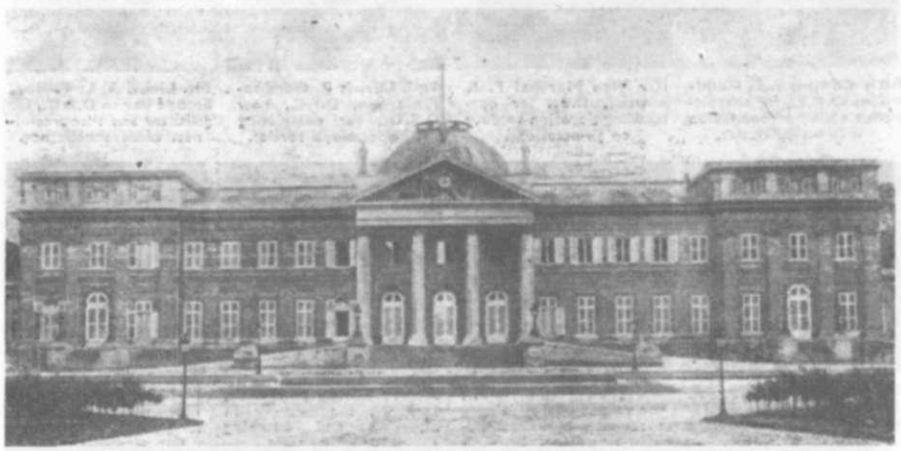
KING LEOPOLD of the Belgians seen at the front during the invasion of the Low Countries in 1940. *Photo, Planet News*

On the morning of May 27 the King asked Sir Roger to inform the British authorities that he would be obliged to surrender before a débâcle took place. A similar message was given to the French. By the afternoon of that day the German army had driven a wedge between the Belgian and British armies. Every road, village and town in the small part of Belgium left in Belgian hands was thronged with hundreds of thousands of refugees; men, women and children were being mercilessly bombed and machine-gunned by low-flying aircraft.

In these circumstances, at 5 p.m. on May 27, King Leopold informed the British and French authorities that he intended at midnight of that day to ask for an armistice so as to avoid further slaughter of his people. This message, like the earlier one on the same day, was promptly received in London and Paris, but all communications with the British Army were cut, and though wireless messages were repeatedly sent it is now known that these did not reach the Commanders-in-Chief.

Knowing these facts (concluded Sir Patrick Hastings), Sir Roger Keyes felt more than justified in suggesting a suspension of judgement on King Leopold. It was apparent that a very grave injustice had been done to the King of the Belgians, who had acted throughout in accordance with the highest traditions of honour and justice. Mr. Justice Tucker, approving the settlement which had been arranged, added: "All I need say is that this libel action, unlike some others, appears to have served a most useful purpose, and resulted in statements being made which will give very wide satisfaction."

By way of postscript, M. Pierlot, Belgian Prime Minister in London, said on July 15, "King Leopold was compelled by the military situation to surrender, but from the moment of surrender he considered himself a prisoner of war. He has maintained that position without wavering. He has not collaborated with his gaolers or assisted them in any way."



THE PALACE OF LAEKEN, one of the residences (and now the prison) of the King of the Belgians, lies in a suburb to the north of Brussels. It was built in 1782, and for a time Napoleon, who bought it, resided there. *Photo, Topical*

And now the facts *are* known. They have been revealed in the course of a libel action brought by Sir Roger Keyes against a national newspaper in the King's Bench Division on June 13. Sir Patrick Hastings, K.C., Counsel for Sir Roger Keyes, in announcing that a settlement of the action had been arranged, described the course of events leading up to the surrender of King Leopold.

The Germans invaded Belgium on May 10, opened Sir Patrick; and a few hours later

I Was There! .... Eye Witness Stories of the War

I Was in Moscow When War Was Declared

Here is a first-hand impression of Moscow after the German onslaught on Russia had begun. It was sent from the Soviet capital by Reuter's special correspondent at the beginning of July.

LIFE in Moscow continues amazingly normal, despite the fierce battles raging a few hundred miles away. Food and petrol are plentiful, and the shops are well stocked with every variety of goods. Through the Moscow streets, strangely combining the tawdry with the picturesque, the old with the spectacular, new army and official cars dash at top speed day and night. Often a thousand soldiers at a time march through to music. At numerous points voluntary mobilization centres have been established for women agriculturists and the Opolchentsy (Home Guard).

The walls are covered with eagerly-read posters depicting Hitler, like a Fascist rat, sticking his head through the German-Soviet Pact, and St. George, like a Red soldier, using his bayonet. There are also appeals to the women to relieve the men who have gone to the front. Stalin's speech is widely displayed, while the bookstalls sell Yaroslavsky's pamphlet on the significance of the war. The general tenor of all this is that this is a war of the Fatherland which is also defending the privileges acquired by the Revolution that German-led landowners and other exploiters will take away. This, anyway, is how the Soviet citizen takes it. Grimness, earnestness and confidence are written on all the male and female faces with unbounded pride in the Red Army.

The streets generally appear normal. The shortage of male civilians is not noticeable, owing to the unlimited man-power. On Sundays and in the evenings the streets are crowded with simply dressed girls in summer frocks, and youths. There is no drunkenness, the fruit-drink stalls being particularly popular. The cinemas and theatres are open, but amusements are much reduced. For example, the popular bathing beach of Khilki, on the Moscow River, was almost deserted on a Sunday afternoon.

So far there have been a number of air-raid warnings, but no raids. When the warnings sound the streets clear instantly with exemplary discipline, everybody taking shelter. The Russians are very interested in the newly arrived British A.R.P. and fire-fighting experts, Cols. A. Croad and G. Symonds, the latter the designer of the stirrup-pump, a specimen of which he brought with him. All are eager to hear anyone with British "blitz" experiences. Fire-fighting parties are being organized with the usual Soviet discipline.

Particularly remarkable is the utter silliness of the Russian-spoken German radio propaganda calling on Soviet soldiers to desert, and announcing that "Stalin and his Jews" are keeping the fastest planes in reserve to escape to New York, where they have "large bank deposits." This propaganda, broadcast by "Quisling" Russians, is an exact replica of the crude émigré anti-Bolshevik propaganda used in 1920. These German agents display a total unawareness of the changes of outlook of the Russian population in the past twenty years.

Russian sailors belonging to the warship Frunze under the Kremlin walls in Moscow. Top, three Soviet airmen go sightseeing in the streets of the capital.

Photo, Paul Popper

We Never Have a Square Meal in France Now

While the German troops in Occupied France live on the fat of the land the French go hungry. This letter, dated the end of April, from a worker living in a small town in Northern France to a friend in the unoccupied zone, gives an idea of the lives of tens of thousands of the French populace.

LIFE in France is becoming more and more difficult. Shopping is a real trial. Food, or rather how to get it, is almost the sole topic of conversation. That is not surprising when a square meal is an unknown thing. The bread ration for our family of three is 800 grammes, potatoes are unobtainable, of macaroni and the like we are only allowed one and a half kilos [1 kilogramme = 1,000 grammes = 2½ lb. approx.] a month for the three of us. Further, we get a little dried vegetables. This is not enough to live on. So far most people have been more or less successful in laying hands on something else besides the rations. We had a small reserve of macaroni and potatoes to help us through the winter. The spring has brought a marked impairment instead of an improvement in the food situation. Hitherto the supply of bread and meat was fairly adequate. But that has changed. This week all we have had for us three is 400 grammes of meat. Luckily we got a few eggs. But it has now been announced that eggs are also to be rationed, three per head and per month, we gather.

Everything is getting dearer. For unrationed goods in short supply prices are very high indeed. Carrots, when obtainable, cost 6 francs a kilo, small peas 12 francs a kilo, broad beans 10 francs, dates 26 francs, grape sugar 20 francs, eggs 20 to 22 francs a dozen. A worker, like myself, who earns 5 francs an hour, of course, cannot afford such supplementary food. He must fall back on sweet potatoes, turnips and beet-roots. Before the war this was cattle fodder. One cannot eat very much of such food. In addition, to prepare it fat is needed, and that is very scarce in France today.

We thought of cultivating a plot of land, to grow some food for the winter, which is going to be a very bad one. But there is a shortage of seed. The plot which was allotted to us was only suitable for growing potatoes. Sixteen kilogrammes of seed potatoes needed, but only got one kilogramme. This gives some idea of what the prospects are for the crop. With other sowing crops the position is similar.

My letter, you will note, is almost wholly taken up with food, the question that haunts us continually. If the stomach is satisfied everything will work. If the stomach is dissatisfied nothing will work.—*I. T. F.*

Squalor and poverty are now general in once gay and bountiful Paris, and the food queue has become the sign of Hitler's New Order. The city of epicures, for the French of all classes really understood and enjoyed food, is now haunted by the spectre of famine. There is a dearth of all the simple necessities of life. *From "March of Time"*

I WAS THERE!

GERMAN AIR-BORNE TROOPS on the march in Crete. Some 130 troop-carriers landed within a few hours of the opening of hostilities on the island. How the Maoris and New Zealanders attacked them with bayonets is described in this page. *Photo, Keystone*

For Days We Fought the Nazi Parachutists

How our troops in Crete tackled the Germans on the ground but were overwhelmed by their bombing planes is vividly described in this account of the fighting by a wounded Maori sergeant.

ON the afternoon when the first German parachutists began to land in the Canea area, a Maori battalion and a New Zealand battalion formed a thin line stretching for some miles from the sea towards the hills to check a possible enemy thrust towards Canea.

We lay on open ground until dusk and watched, until our eyes became tired, shower upon shower of parachutists floating to the earth before us. We were unable to move owing to the unremitting bombing and machine-gunning by the dive-bombers, but when the sun sank we fixed our bayonets and immediately it was dark charged.

Our first obstacle was a solid line of machine-guns, but these we quickly overran, and after a great fight lasting until dawn we annihilated nearly every German.

But with daylight waves of German air-borne reinforcements began to arrive. Eventually parachute troops began to drop behind our lines, and bit by bit we had to give ground and fall back on fresh positions. Within a few hours some 130 troop-carriers, escorted by clouds of fighters, had landed, and throughout the day we were attacked by over 200 dive-bombers.

We sheathed our bayonets and lay hidden in the rocks or drains—anything giving shelter from the relentless hail of bullets and bombs—while the dive-bombers had us at their mercy, as we had no air support. German reinforcements established themselves in the positions which we had cleared during the night. With darkness we again fixed our bayonets and charged, and again cut the enemy to pieces. This went on for four days and four nights.

Up in the mountains dead Germans lay in clumps where they had landed and were killed by Greek soldiers. In the battle area it was impossible to walk more than three yards without stepping on dead Germans. Two men out of every parachutist section were armed with rifles for sniping. The rest were equipped with tommy-guns. All carried plenty of rations.—*Press Association.*

We Cheered Like Mad for the British Navy

When the German supply and prison ship Alstertor was intercepted and scuttled at the end of June, 78 officers and men of the British merchant navy were rescued. Here is the story of their imprisonment and release, told by one of them, Chief Steward W. G. Johnson.

AMONG the prisoners on the Alstertor were survivors from the S.S. Rabaul and the S.S. Trafalgar. Mr. W. G. Johnson, proprietor of an Ilfracombe hotel and chief steward on the Rabaul, described how his own ship was sunk at 1 a.m. on May 14 by an ex-merchant ship armed with 6-in. guns. Twenty high-explosive shells were fired at point-blank range from half a mile. Eight of the crew and one passenger were killed; the remainder left the burning ship on rafts and were picked up by the raider. He went on:

Many of us were wounded, including myself, and were attended to by the raider's doctor. We were very well treated, sleeping in bunks between decks. We were allowed on deck for four hours' exercise daily.

We were aboard the raider for 17 days and were then transferred to the cargo ship Japara. Conditions here were extremely unpleasant. Seventy-eight prisoners—48 whites and the rest Chinese, Malays and Indians—were all jammed together in one hold, sleeping on sacks. The food and ventilation were bad. We were only allowed above decks for meals.

We stuck those conditions for 16 days. Then on June 15 we were put aboard the Alstertor, an ex-fruit ship, obviously fitted as a prison ship. There were extra stanchions and holds to take double tiers of hammocks. Life here was much more comfortable, the white men being in one hold. I estimate the vessel would carry 350 men in this fashion.

The food was good and we took meals in another hold equipped with tables and forms. We were all given a tobacco allowance sufficient for an economical smoker, and permitted on deck 12 hours daily. The German naval lieutenant and the lieutenant in charge of us inspected daily the prisoners' parade. There was no harsh treatment, not even when I was caught throwing a bottle message into the sea. I was warned that if it occurred again we should all be kept below.

A British flying-boat bombed the ship on June 22. Our joy at being sighted was tempered by the horrid thought that we might be sunk by their own target. A bomb fell 50 yards away.

We grew sick with despair when nothing happened for the rest of that day and were resigned to the fate of internment for the rest of the war. We had given up all hope, for the ship was only 24 hours' steaming from Bordeaux when intercepted by British destroyers.

When suddenly the speed of the ship increased, the prisoners herded below sensed that rescue was near. Standing half-crouched under the clamped-down hatch, Johnson—his eye glued to a tiny rivet hole in the dimly-lit hold—"broadcast" a running commentary on the approach of the British warships.

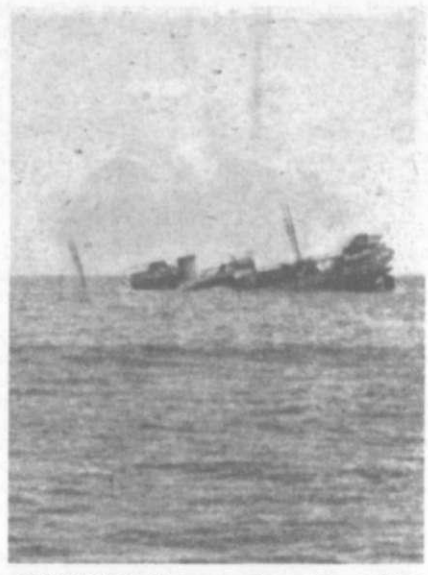
We felt the vessel slowing down, he said. Then I saw the international code signal, "M.T.," run up the mast head.

"What does M.T. mean?" I called to the men below.

Back came the answer, "Am Stopping Ship." Then I heard the guttural voice of a German lookout, recognized the German words for "British Warships" and shouted "Glorious news" to my fellow prisoners.

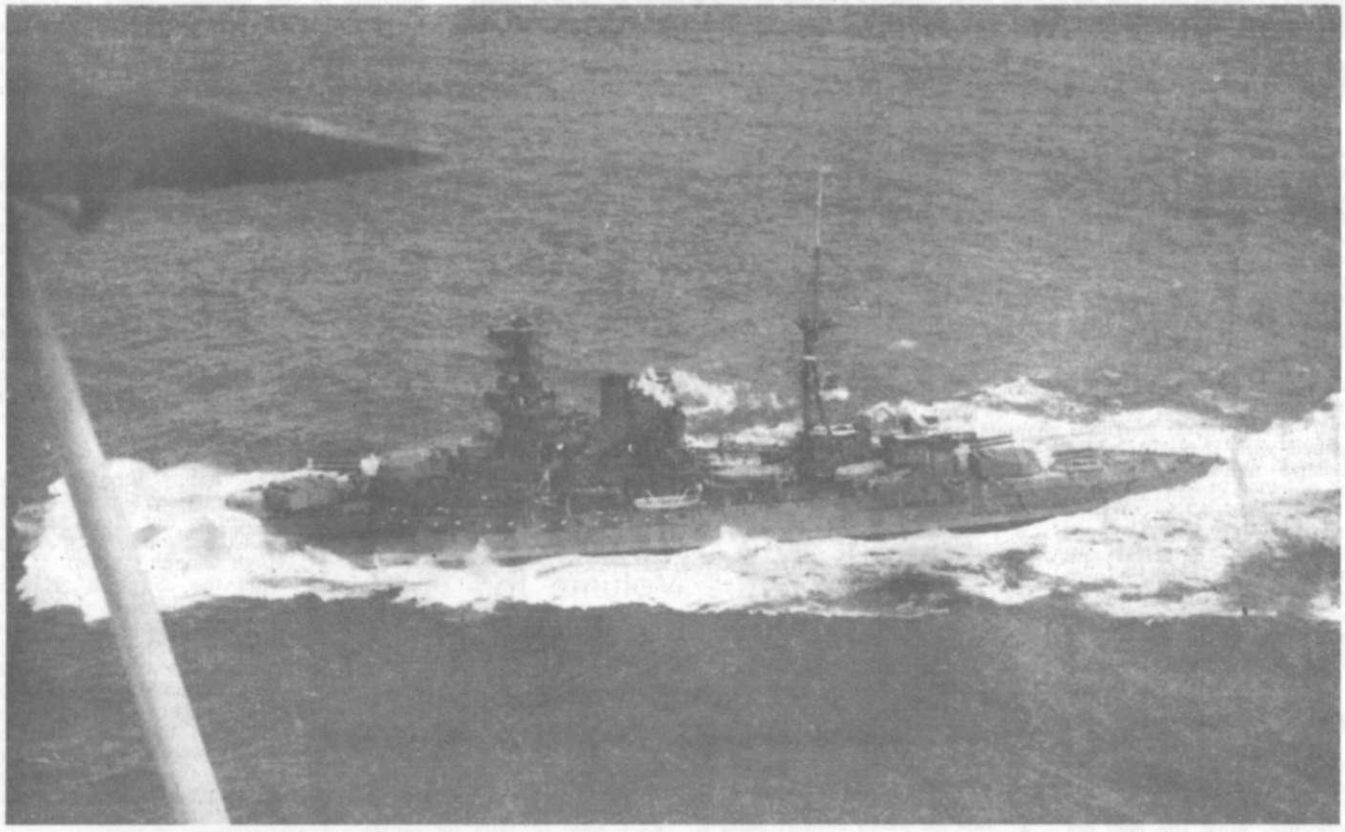
Madly happy, the men were still cheering when the hatch was opened and daylight flooded in. A German officer entered and said, "British warships have us fast. We are abandoning ship. You may have the big boat and rafts."

We got into the boat and on to the floats, concluded Johnson, cheering like madmen for the British Navy. As we got away the Alstertor was scuttled with time bombs, which threw debris all around us.—*Reuter.*



ALSTERTOR, German prison ship, settling down in the water after having been scuttled by her crew near Bordeaux. She was intercepted by British destroyers who rescued 78 officers and men of the British merchant navy. An eye-witness account appears in this page. *Photo, Associated Press*

I WAS THERE!



H.M.S. BARHAM full speed ahead in the Mediterranean. From the Barham's compass platform the writer of the article in this page describes how more than thirty warships in the Central Mediterranean beat off a torpedo attack by enemy planes. *Photo, Associated Press*

Our Fleet's Barrage Beat Off the Enemy's Air Attack

During the period May 5-12, our naval forces operating in the Central Mediterranean sustained several enemy air attacks without damage. A graphic eye-witness account of one night attack was written by Reuter's correspondent on board H.M.S. Barham.

A HEAVY and most spectacular night barrage was put up by more than thirty warships in the Central Mediterranean when for the first time in this war enemy planes attempted a night torpedo attack at sea against the British Eastern Mediterranean forces. The firing continued almost ceaselessly for forty-five minutes.

The full moon was some twenty degrees above the horizon when cruisers, escorting a convoy, were seen to open fire a few miles distant on our starboard quarter—I was on board the Barham—whereupon our heavy units blazed forth with all their armaments from six-inchers downwards, while a strong destroyer screen flung up an umbrella barrage, protecting the battle fleet from a possible high-level bombing attack.

When the battle fleet opened fire the raiders apparently abandoned the convoy and, splitting up into groups, attacked the fleet from all angles.

From the Barham's compass platform I had a magnificent panoramic view of the fleet steaming in line ahead, belching flame in all directions as the barrage, comprising six-inch and four-inch guns, multiple pom-poms and even Lewis guns, plastered a wide area extending from the sea level to the sky. Each battleship appeared to be aflame from end to end, and was illuminated for seconds at a time. Enveloped by clouds of smoke from the guns, it looked like a giant set-piece during a gargantuan firework display.

The whole ship shuddered violently under terrific blast as the shells whistled away into the distance, gun flashes temporarily blinded me as the high angle barrage passed the bridge with the reflection on the halyards, giving the impression of masses of tracers being hurled vertically to the mast. Speech was impossible, and shouted orders were drowned by the indescribable violence of the barrage.

Meanwhile the sea, which was lit up by the blaze of the guns, periodically became a mass of small and large waterspouts as splinters from the destroyers' protective barrage fell all around us.

During brief lulls to ascertain the enemy's line of approach I heard the water-cooled pom-poms below the bridge hissing fiercely, and there was a tremendous clatter of thousands of empty shell cases of all calibres being hastily swept aside before the next barrage opened.

No torpedoes were seen anywhere near us, though the last ship of the line was seen to take avoiding action during the early part of the attack.

The cease fire was given after 45 minutes, and a thick wet fog suddenly descended on the whole sea for the remainder of the night, necessitating the use of stern lights in order to avoid collisions. Darkness prevented our ascertaining the results of the barrage, but we did not suffer any casualties or damage.

Siftings From the News

First goose-stepping parade since Armistice watched in dead silence by 10,000 Parisians.

Alsatian boys and girls aged 14 have to enrol in the Hitler Youth organization.

Glasgow Corporation has its own shops for the sale of surplus produce from city parks.

Italy appeared under heading "Occupied Territories" in list of international production in German paper.

Tablet unveiled in St. Paul's, London, to Pilot Officer W. M. L. Fiske, first American to die for Britain in this war.

About 90 persons were arrested in Zürich on charges of political espionage.

Spain seized Tangier lighthouse installation, including wireless beacon, hitherto under international control.

Two clerks in Nazi Consulates in U.S.A. committed suicide sooner than return to Germany.

All British nationals have been ordered to leave French Riviera immediately.

Moscow propaganda describes Russian pilots as "Soviet Falcons," Axis pilots as "Fascist Vultures."

First rural Recuperation Centre for immediate reception of bombed-out people opened in Lancs.

Thirteen Communists and Jews shot in Belgrade "for preparing to commit acts of violence and sabotage."

There are over 7,000 women workers on the L.M.S. railway.

Largest fishing factory in North Norway, owned by German company, destroyed by fire one month after completion.

Russians spreading false rumours are liable to five years' imprisonment.

Rome stated that Fascist casualties of war numbered 255,361.

Britain is buying 150,000,000 tins of sardines from Portugal.

Montenegro is to have a king; meanwhile a regent is being appointed by Italy.

Test parcel sent by the "Daily Telegraph" through Red Cross took five months to reach German prison camp.

Promenade concerts opened for first time at Albert Hall on July 12, when the audience numbered 4,000.

London firemen are allowed daily ration of one pennyworth of meat at their canteens.

Reported that beer shortage may lead to refusal of harvesters to work overtime.

Salary of top B.B.C. wartime announcers is £1,000 a year.

The Editor's Postscript

WITH this number THE WAR ILLUSTRATED completes its Fourth Volume, most thrillingly varied of the series so far. Look back at Volume One in which the swift destruction of Poland and Finland's historic stand against Russia supplied the major subjects for camera and pen, with the glorious episode of the River Plate, and you will be surprised at the slow progress of the first four or five months of "phoney" War; surprised also to read of that "master mind of military France" named Gamelin; "the strong man of France," M. Daladier; and of the faith that still survived in a Maginot Line. Volume Two moved to a quickening tempo: the end of Finland's heroic stand, the unhappy chapter to which Narvik wrote finis, those more horrible chapters that opened with the invasion of Holland and Belgium and so quickly closed; finally, "Total War on the Western Front" which smothered our ally, France, in defeat and shame and left Britain with nothing more glorious to add to History's pages than the epic of Dunkirk. Six months of tremendous world-events . . . all at the call of Hitler!

VOLUME Three saw the Battle of Britain fought and won, so far as daylight raiding was concerned, with the Battle of the Atlantic engaged and menacing, while the new era of Fire over Britain, made possible only by the German occupation of fallen France, was raging as our Army of the Nile had begun its mighty wiping up of the disgusting Italians in North Africa. Look over those three volumes today and you will marvel at the endless interest of their graphic pages, certain to hold readers of all classes for generations to come.

VOLUME Four was destined, however, to be the most varied and arresting of the progression. No matter how many more or how few may yet be published, it is hard to picture any that will excel it in the variety and importance of its contents, which comprise a picture-record of what must prove one of the most historic periods of the world-wide conflict. The military success of Wavell's campaign which destroyed so large a proportion of the Italian Army; the vitally important battle of Cape Matapan; the heroic stand of Greece against Italian aggression; the sensational turn of affairs in Yugoslavia; the treachery of Bulgaria, Rumania and Hungary, leading to the Nazi domination of the Balkans; the abortive pro-Nazi revolution in Irak; the war in Syria, where the degenerate Vichy government forced the former allies of France to turn their arms against the hostile French forces under the command of General Dentz, and fortunately in so doing gave a new direction to Germany's Eastward thrust, little to the liking of Hitler and his thugs; the tremendous increase in Britain's air power, with its promise of the coming day when the command of the sky will have passed into the hands of Britain's incomparable Air Force; the sensational break between Germany and Russia, vastly extending the area and, as I have already indicated, the probable duration of the War; America's no less sensational steps to make secure her means of cooperation with Great Britain—these are but a few of the many new chapters in the astounding history of the world that have been written in the seven months covered by this volume.

FROM another point of view Volume Four calls for remark: it has been produced in circumstances of exceptional difficulty which are already known to my readers. The acute paper famine has taxed the ingenuity of Editor and Publishers to the limit. Certain changes of format forced upon us will be apparent in the bound volume and actually add to its value as a contemporary historical record. But I think it will be allowed, after one hundred weekly issues, that we have honoured my promise made to readers with Volume One, that no effort would be spared to maintain the publication on the lines on which it had been originally designed, and such modifications as have been forced upon us by "the fell clutch of circumstance" have in no wise impaired the usefulness or attractiveness of this, the only current picture-record of the War that has been kept afloat through a sea of troubles and may hope to survive until the bells of Victory peal in a world set free.

ALL which goes to show why the many thousands of my readers who are happy in the possession of the first three volumes should instantly set about the binding of Volume Four. Each new volume bound actually adds to the value of the preceding volumes. Large though the number is of those subscribers who do get their loose numbers bound, they form a minority of our immense circle of readers, so that with our present restricted space we cannot give repeated reminders about bindings. The announcement in this page will appear only once again. It is up to them, therefore, to act upon it today.

ANOTHER important consideration is the increasing difficulty of securing binding materials, which may yet make it necessary to confine the acceptance of binding orders to those readers who have already bound earlier volumes. Don't delay, then, in acting upon this advice to which I must take this opportunity of drawing your attention: you will never regret putting this unique picture-record into permanent covers for consulting in years to come. It is sure to hold its place for many years as an historic product of the amazing times in which it has been compiled and circulated.

Another Splendid Volume for Your Bookshelf

The War Illustrated—Volume 4

To make THE WAR ILLUSTRATED of real permanent value you should have the weekly numbers bound as each volume is completed. Number 100 completes the Fourth Volume. The publishers have produced specially attractive binding cases. They are made of stout boards covered with durable Dark Red Cloth with side and spine bearing appropriate designs in two inks and blind blocking. You can obtain these cases, together with title page, index, frontispiece, etc., through your newsagent or bookstall for 2/6 each or direct from THE WAR ILLUSTRATED (Binding Dept.), Bear Alley, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4, when 7d. extra for postage must be enclosed for each case ordered.

Subscribers who would prefer an extra special binding for this work can secure our DE LUXE CASE, which is made of dark blue half leather with blue cloth sides, also blue leather corners, and spine blocked in gilt and blind. It can be obtained through your newsagents, price 6/6. (Postage 7d. extra if ordered direct from the Publishers.)

See Announcement in Number 91 for

PUBLISHERS' SPECIAL BINDING OFFER

The publishers will undertake to bind the weekly numbers of THE WAR ILLUSTRATED into volumes at a special inclusive charge of 6/- per volume for the Standard Binding or for the De Luxe Binding 10/6 per volume. These charges include cost of binding case, packing and return carriage. It is important that the details given in the announcement on the back cover of Number 91 of THE WAR ILLUSTRATED be complied with.

THE happy thought of an American publisher in presenting our Prime Minister with the manuscript of Arthur Hugh Clough's poem "Say Not the Struggle Naught Availeth," from which Mr. Churchill quoted with such dramatic effect in his historic broadcast to America, reminds me that I have a confession to make. The last and best known of the four quatrains which comprise the poem has been so often on my lips for more than half a century that I might well call it my favourite quotation. I have grown up with it, so to speak, but had never bothered to verify its origin. For which I am sincerely ashamed. I thought it was from Browning. What a bloomer that would have been in an "intelligence test"! I'd like to reprint the whole poem, as every line is instinct with thought and encouragement for the present time. (These Nazi bombers are droning over my cottage home as I write.) But I must at least give one of the other verses:

If hopes are dupes, fears may be liars;
It may be, in yon smoke concealed,
Your comrades chase e'en now the fliers,
And, but for you, possess the field.

THE last and best remembered verse which alone had stayed in my mind from youth to old age (measured by years alone and not by feeling!) runs:

And not by eastern windows only,
When daylight comes, comes in the light;
In front the sun climbs slow, how slowly!
But westward, look, the land is bright!

And now, I ask you, what do you think of a really brilliant cartoonist in a national daily who distorts the whole lovely image with a picture of Russian tanks labelled "*Eastward* look the land is bright"? By aiming at a clever switch of phrase he misses the whole pith of the quotation . . . but there, I'm going out into the moon-bright night, to see what's happening, as these infernal Nazis are still hovering around. And there are those who still babble about "rural peace" in England's countryside.

JOHN CARPENTER HOUSE,
WHITEFRIARS, LONDON, E.C.4.

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